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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE report that the Prussians had evacuated Jutland turned out to be ill-founded. In spite of the remonstrances of our own Cabinet, and of the disapproval of Austria, they still maintain their position on purely Danish soil, under the plea of military necessity. It is even supposed that they are not disinclined to attack Fredericia if they see a fair chance of doing so with success. In the meantime constant skirmishes take place between the outposts and the advanced cavalry of the two armies, but no operations of any importance have yet been undertaken. Preparations are still going on for the attack of Düppel; while the Danes are equally active in strengthening their strong position. With scarcely anything more than its natural defences it successfully repelled all the assaults of the Germans in 1849; and now that it is fortified with all the care that can be bestowed upon so important a point, it may well defy for some time even the large forces which will be brought against it. It must be subjected to a regular siege; while the besieging army will not be able to invest it. We found out at Sebastopol how tedious and costly is such an undertaking; nor is it improbable that the Germans are destined to an equally unpleasant experience.

In the meantime the diplomatic and political situation becomes more and more complicated. It is true that Austria and Prussia have formally acceded to the proposition for a conference in London, but their organs are careful to explain that this step is one of little or no importance. Nor need it be; because even if they accept the "integrity of the kingdom of Denmark" as the basis of negotiations, that phrase is one of the utmost elasticity. It means one thing in London and Copenhagen; it means, or may mean, quite another at Vienna and Berlin. If it is understood to signify nothing beyond a dynastic union between Slesvig and Denmark, we have made but little advance towards a peaceful solution of the difficulty; since it is quite certain that the Danes would regard the acceptance of such terms as equivalent to an unconditional surrender. For that they are not prepared in the present state of the conflict; and if the German powers should insist upon it, the conference might negotiate but it would unquestionably arrive at no result. If we may believe the Emperor of Austria he still adheres to the treaty of London; we can at all events interpret in no other way his declaration to the deputation from Slesvig that "Providence has imposed duties upon me which I cannot permit desires threatening the general peace to override." But we are without any similar assurances, even of this rather vague character, from Prussia. The policy of the latter power is undoubtedly involved in some obscurity, and we need hardly say that

but little reliance can be placed upon a country which is governed by a man like Von Bismarck. In spite of official statements to the contrary there is reason to believe that the most cordial understanding in the world does not prevail between the two great German powers. The friendship between their courts is of a skin-deep kind; unmistakable signs of jealousy between the two armies have manifested themselves; and it is generally believed that the entrance of the Prussians into Jutland has been viewed with grave distrust by the Austrian statesmen. A common instinct of self-preservation, however, still keeps them united in their action towards the minor powers of Germany. They appear determined that it shall be settled once for all, who are to be supreme in the Fatherland—the Diet or themselves. No more decisive mode of raising this issue could be suggested, than the proposition which they have within the last few days laid before the Diet. If this body allows the command of the execution troops in Holstein to pass into the hands of the Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Prussian forces, and permits the Federal Commissioners in the same duchy to be superseded by Austrian and Prussian officials, it will practically retire from the international controversy, and renounce all influence over the terms of its eventual arrangement. It remains to be seen whether the minor states are ready to submit to this self-stultification so soon after the bold resolutions which their representatives passed in the Wurzburg Conference. But competent observers appear inclined to think that the courage of the little kings and archdukes is fast oozing out at their fingers' ends; and that after a brief saturnalia of independence they are preparing to resume the collars which they have so long worn. To a certain extent their disappearance from the political scene would be favourable to the conclusion of peace; but on the other hand if Austria and Prussia feel certain that they are safe from foreign intervention, the absence of domestic embarrassment may encourage them to raise their tone, and to insist with increased firmness upon their most extravagant demands. It is true that Austria is not quite free from home troubles. There is some uncertainty as to the precise nature and extent of the danger which has compelled her to proclaim Galicia in a state of siege. Such a measure would not, however, have been resorted to, unless there were substantial cause for alarm, lest the Polish population of the province should apply to their own case that doctrine of nationality which their foreign rulers are so ostentatiously asserting in Slesvig. When we add that Hungary is known to be discontented, and that Venetia is in its normal condition of disaffection, it is not easy to believe that Austria is insensible to the danger she incurs from the prosecution of a war upon which all Europe looks with disfavour. But, then, her rivalry with the North German power renders it difficult, if

not impossible, for her to retire when the latter is determined to go on. France still hangs back; England has lost all influence over the course of events; and in this position of affairs it would be idle to speculate on probabilities which depend upon conditions so uncertain as those which we have just passed in review.

The Danish papers just presented to Parliament place in the strongest possible light the unreasonableness and insincerity of the course pursued by the German Powers. Having originally declared that the object of levying Federal execution on Holstein was to enforce the withdrawal of the patent of March, they persisted in this measure after Denmark had declared her willingness to revoke the obnoxious document. Having welcomed, if not invited, the proposition of English mediation, Austria and Prussia allowed it to be quietly ignored by the Diet. Having held out expectations, at least, that steps would be taken to prevent the proclamation of the Duke of Augustenburg under the protection of the Federal forces, they permitted this to be done without effectual interference on their part. Having declared that their only object in invading Slesvig was to secure the abrogation of the Constitution of November, they refused to allow the requisite time for its legal alteration. It is true that we were previously aware of these facts, but until the official despatches appeared we could not be sure that the conduct we have described was utterly unaccompanied by extenuating circumstances, or by any sort of excuse, except that which may be furnished by the pressure of an excited and reckless people. The main interest of the papers consists, however, in the information they afford as to the conduct of our own Government. It seems evident, in the first place, that they cannot be accused of officious intermeddling. Both parties, in the earlier stage of the dispute at all events, were ready to listen to their advice, and even, as we have already said, to invite their mediation. A far more important point, however, is not so completely cleared up as we could desire. It is true that we do not find in these despatches any direct promise of material assistance to Denmark,—it can scarcely be said that any definite hope of the kind was held out. There is no precise engagement entered into, which we can be said to have broken; and if the conduct of a nation were to be tried by the strict rules which a court of law applies to the construction of a contract, her Majesty's Ministers could not well be taxed with a breach of faith. But then we cannot help feeling that that is altogether too narrow and technical a test by which to try such a question. If we intended to confine our intervention merely to argument and good offices, we should have taken care that the Danes did not and could not entertain any further expectation. Now, as a matter of fact, they relied confidently upon our aid in repelling an invasion of Slesvig. And it would certainly seem that, so far from having done anything to disabuse them of such an impression, we did something to foster it. Our Minister at Copenhagen, writing to Earl Russell so lately as December 10, 1863, informs the Foreign Secretary that, in advising Mr. Hall to evacuate Holstein, he had told him "that Denmark would at all events have a better chance of securing the assistance of the Powers alluded to (the non-German Powers) by retiring beyond the limits of the Confederation, than if she provoked a war by resisting what might be considered the legitimate authority of the Diet on Federal territory." If our Government had at that time made up their minds that under no circumstances would they depart from the rôle of friendly bystanders, it was at least disingenuous to talk about a "better chance" which they knew did not exist. If they had not made up their minds as to their future course, it is difficult to relieve them from the charge of levity or vacillation. Taken in conjunction with the active part we had played in the previous negotiations, it was certainly only natural for the Danes to believe that if they followed our advice, we should support them in resisting further encroachments. Earl Russell stated, in the early part of the session, that the Danish Minister at our court had informed him that his sovereign wished for nothing beyond our moral assistance. But the papers, so far as they have been hitherto published, contain nothing to show that this was all that was looked for at Copenhagen. Nor can we say that, if larger expectations were entertained, they were altogether unreasonable. It is true that both France and Russia gave similar counsel with regard to the evacuation of Holstein, and that they have since pursued, like ourselves, a policy of masterly inactivity. But even

if we could admit their conduct as a justification of our own, it is obvious that their position was not the same as ours. They had not taken nearly so prominent a part as we had done in the previous negotiations; and by their comparative indifference they had in a manner warned Denmark that she had little or nothing to anticipate from them. Language which, falling from them, would seem mere advice, might easily, when coming from us, be understood as an implied pledge. There is, moreover, ground for belief that the French Government was prepared to act with decision, if we had been willing to co-operate actively with them. That part of the negotiations is open to explanation, and we are unwilling to prejudge the question which it raises. But putting this on one side for the present, we cannot acquit Lord Palmerston and his colleagues of having at least knowingly permitted the growth of hopes which they were not prepared to fulfil.

The proceedings in Parliament during the past week have not presented many features of interest. The most stirring event was Mr. Disraeli's "slashing attack" upon the Danish policy of the Government, and Lord Palmerston's equally slashing reply. The encounter was an interesting and amusing bit of Parliamentary fence, but it did not at all contribute to our enlightenment. The assault was premature on the part of the Opposition leader, who was not then in possession of the complete papers. And it resulted in little more than an additional exposure of his own weak side. For while blaming the Government for having allowed Denmark to fall a victim to Germany, the Conservatives cautiously refrain from saying what they would have done to avert the calamity. It is all very well for Mr. Disraeli to tell us that he is confident nothing of the kind would have happened had Lord Malmesbury been at the Foreign Office; but admiration of Lord Malmesbury is not a sentiment very widely diffused amongst the public. We wish to know what the noble earl and his probable colleagues would have done, which the Whigs have not done. We wait in vain to hear what policy Earl Derby proposes now to substitute for the one, which we admit Lord Palmerston is somewhat ingloriously pursuing. But upon these points we can obtain no information, and while that is the case the Opposition are scarcely likely to induce the House of Commons to eject one Ministry for the mere purpose of putting in another who will follow the same course. From a notice given by Lord R. Cecil, it would appear that the Conservative leaders prefer to raise a party issue on the detention of the steam-rams rather than on the Danish question. But we hope and believe they will find it even more difficult to induce the House of Commons to go with them upon this than upon the other subject of controversy. The very fact that such a motion is impending will strengthen the hands of the Administration, because it furnishes them with a much needed ground for demanding the continual support and assistance of the Liberal party. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas Baring is probably not the only Conservative member whom the clever professional argument of Sir H. Cairns has failed to convince that the Government should have run the risk of drifting into a war with the United States, rather than take any steps for the fulfilment of our international duties which were not strictly warranted by municipal law.

The military news from America continues unimportant. General Sherman has indeed commenced his march, which, we are vaguely informed, is part of a combined movement against Mobile, Savannah, and the Confederate arms and strongholds in Georgia. But although he has advanced as far as Brandon, in Mississippi, the real difficulties of his work have not yet begun, and we therefore refrain from attempting to estimate the probability that he will be able to carry out his part of a scheme which certainly looks more like a strategic dream than a practical plan of operations. On the other hand, General Lee is supposed to meditate another movement against Washington and Philadelphia; but he has not, so far as we are informed, actually stirred from the position he has occupied during the winter, and until he does, it is at least doubtful whether he will not aim at assisting the operations of Longstreet in East Tennessee rather than at repeating an invasion of hostile territory, which has twice proved unsuccessful. But the military intelligence which has been received by the late mails is quite thrown into the background by the extraordinary proclamation issued by General Banks in Louisiana. This document, which is evidently the work of a shrewd and

sensible—perhaps even of a humane—man, amounts to nothing short of a confession that the unconditional emancipation of the negro will never do. It virtually sets aside Mr. Lincoln's celebrated proclamation so far as the district under General Banks's command is concerned. For although it does not in terms reimpose slavery, it institutes a system of forced and compulsory labour, which bears a close resemblance to that hateful system, for the complete abolition of which we are so often told that the Northern States are contending. The negro, in Louisiana at least, is not to become a soldier. He is not allowed to drink whisky. He is not permitted to have arms. He may not move about from place to place, except with the permission of the provost-marshal. He must remain within the district where he is settled; hire himself promptly to some employer at wages which are fixed for him by General Banks; and having hired himself, he must remain faithful to that employer, working for him energetically and faithfully ten hours a day, under pain of again coming within the jurisdiction of the provost-marshal. We have no doubt that the most imperative necessity dictated the issue of this document. It is certainly based thus far upon a principle unquestionably sound, "that labour is a public duty and idleness and vagrancy a crime." But it affords the strongest proof that the negro is not yet fitted for that complete freedom which the extreme Abolitionists would force upon him; and it gives a glimpse of the kind of system which would be established in the South, if the subjugation of the Confederate States were once accomplished. With military pro-consuls ruling in every State, and provost-marshals regulating the social and industrial relations of every district and parish, we should have a despotism at once grinding and penetrating, such as the world has never yet seen. It would no doubt be carried out with republican forms; but General Banks again shows us the amount of real liberty which would underlie them. Louisiana is to be readmitted to the Union as soon as one-tenth of its population can be induced to send representatives to Washington. It is of considerable importance to Mr. Lincoln's chances of being re-elected President, that this should be accomplished as soon as possible. Having finished with the negroes, General Banks therefore takes the whites in hand, and proceeds to instruct them in their political duties. After telling them that it is a solemn duty to assist in the reconstruction of the civil Government, he says:—"Opinion is free, and the converts are numerous. Open hostility cannot be permitted. *Indifference will be treated as a crime*, and faction as treason. Men who refuse to defend their country with the bullet-box or the cartridge-box have no just claim to the benefits of liberty secured by law." In other words, the planters of Louisiana have the amplest freedom—only they must vote for Mr. Lincoln and his friends. The late Czar Nicholas used to assert that Russia was the freest country in the world—for people who were loyal to their sovereign and kept clear of revolutionary plots. There is a remarkable similarity between the despotic emperor's notion of liberty, and that which seems to be entertained by the Republican President and his most energetic lieutenants.

AUSTRIA AND THE ENGLISH PRESS.

For many years Mr. Roebuck was supposed to be his country's watch-dog until in an evil hour he came back from a visit to Austria, a converted and mollified though still, of course, an honest creature. Some Archduke or other had accomplished the arduous task of taming him, and he has ever since gone about wearing an air of foreign distinction, such as befits a patriot who has mixed in drawing-room society, and been brought to see the blessings of the Austrian Constitution. He used to bark indiscriminately at all tyrants, he now barks only at the Emperor of the French, and the United States logic and after-dinner reasoning overcame the indomitable spirit of Mr. Roebuck. *Narrator et prisca Catonis saepe mero caluisse virtus*. But Austria has since—if we are to believe the Austrians themselves—achieved a similar triumph, though by very different means, over the rude virtue of some other English watch-dogs. The discussions not very long ago upon the Austrian budget reveal to us the sad and serious intelligence. Six thousand pounds are said during the last year to have been paid to some organs of the British press "in order that they might speak favourably of Austria." Jupiter has then descended once more into the lap of more than one immaculate British Danae in a shower of gold. If

this is not a tale of mystery and scandal that calls for the denunciations of a censor as faithful and as fearless as Mr. Roebuck himself, there are no such things as mystery and scandal. Mr. Roebuck is the very man to take up the intrigue and thoroughly to sift it from *first to last*. He knows the ramifications of the Austrian Constitution. He is acquainted with their ways; and ought to be able to explain to the Austrians how wrong they are in attempting to bribe where for an honest and patriotic Radical argument has been amply sufficient, while his justly-acquired influence at Vienna might enable him to discover for us upon inquiry where this six thousand pounds has gone. It is a tolerably large sum considering the very narrow circle within which it has been bestowed, if, indeed, it has been bestowed at all, and the whole story be not rather an imaginative invention of the enemies of English honesty. The language of the accusation to a certain extent is ambiguous. What is meant by organs of the press? Editors' organs are foreign correspondents' organs. Can a printer's devil be an organ and receive a salary on condition of mutilating all the stops in leading articles on the side of Hungary and Venetia, and of printing with dishonest grammatical accuracy all those arguments in favour of Austria's retention of the quadrilateral which some English Philo-Austrians promulgate from time to time? It is a strange sensation to feel, even while these lines are being penned, that some one not a hundred miles off may be receiving a royal salary to controvert them. Salt is being put in large quantities on some one's tail. The only question is—upon whose tail? Henceforward the impartial public will be on the look out for the Austrian "organ" with a healthy curiosity and with no little amusement.

The authentic narrative of the fortunes of Serjeant Glover leads us to suppose it far from impossible that foreign governments may be willing to spend sums of money in the vain hope of persuading the English public to patronize, or at least to read English articles. Rash critics have been found to impugn the value of excellent and admirable religious societies, by insisting on impossible returns of the number of converts made each year among the Hindoos or the natives of Africa. If the Austrian Government could extract a similar return from its "organs" as to the conversions effected by their energetic efforts in this country, perhaps they would be surprised. Falstaff never led through Coventry a more scarecrow regiment than the little group of believers who, by dint of perusing pamphlets or reviews, have arrived conscientiously at the conviction that the House of Hapsburg are the benefactors of their kind, and are ready to accept the opinions of the Austrian Ministers about Galicia or Venice. One of the tasks which legendary writers tell us is usually imposed on the enemy of souls by those who sell themselves to him at the ordinary market price, is to weave a rope of sand out of the materials afforded on the seashore. Working at the conversion of English readers to Austrian ideas must be very much like weaving a rope of sand. It is, indeed, an awful mission for those who undertake it. Nothing but the sense either of high duty, or of the sacred obligation of a bargain, could lead the most determined controversialist to persevere. Day after day to write about the praises of Francis Joseph, or the infamy of Victor Emmanuel, and to be conscious that you are writing in vain, would become soon a heavy burden, unless it were lightened either by conscientious fanaticism, or by the best of pensions. It is often said that severe criticism tends to kill off early genius in the bud. The fact is very doubtful. What is probably far more telling than censure upon the health and spirits is the severe consciousness of never being read. To write, and to write under such a load of despondency, deserves the recompense which we are now told it actually obtains.

Whether the calumny be true or false, whether money be spent or not in England in the hopeless and endless task of turning public opinion by bribing those who cater for it, we cannot tell. It is anyhow a strange circumstance that the item for expenditure on this head should find its way into the discussions of the Austrian Reichsrath. There is, therefore, this dilemma. Either the Cabinet of Vienna are dealing with somebody who represents, or with somebody who misrepresents the English press, or else with nobody at all. Charity bids us hope that the whole thing is a delusion, and belongs to that category of slanders which are so often propagated, by those who know nothing of English journalism, with respect to those who are behind the scenes. Supposing, however, that the other alternatives are the true view, we are driven to the conclusion that the Austrian Executive is imposed upon, or else that the funds are really applied as is suggested. Either view presents us with a complete satire upon Austrian Constitutionalism. There are doubtless many great people in

Europe who live all their lives attempting to apply the system of Machiavelli to the politics of the day, and never succeeding to the last. Cardinal Antonelli sincerely perhaps believes that Sir James Hudson, Lord Russell, and the special correspondent of the *Times*—to say nothing of Liberals in general—are all of them in the pay of Mazzini or of the King of Sardinia. Perhaps the thought often crosses him that if he had only made the effort at the right moment he might have secured such able co-operation first. It is possible that personal experience of some curious English specimens may delude foreign Courts into the error that every English politician has his price. They will discover to their cost, if ever the crisis comes, that Englishmen do not sell their opinions any more than they sell their wives. The success of the bid may be estimated, not by the professions of the brokers employed, but by the substantial results of the mercantile transaction. Probably no English journal is receiving wages of the kind; but if it were so, the Vienna authorities have only to ask who reads it, and how long its tenure of life is likely to be. If it is an English writer who has succumbed, does he hold any place among his fellows in the literary world? If it be—which it hardly can be—an English politician, has he made a single convert among his constituency or his friends? English people see these little difficulties, which foreigners, ignorant of English life, overlook. When they hear a talk of taking the English press into foreign pay, English people accordingly only smile at the absurdity of the scheme or the delusion.

WHERE ARE OUR TURRET SHIPS?

NEARLY two years have now passed since the House of Commons was startled from its well-bred lethargy by the news of the singular combat which had taken place in Hampton Roads. Struck by the spectacle of the tiny *Monitor* engaging and disabling the huge iron-plated *Merrimac*, it gave expression to the public sentiment in demanding to know what provision we were making to cope with a species of vessel which might prove so formidable against our own *Warrior*. Certainly, its satisfaction was of a mingled cast when it learned that the principle of the *Monitor* was the invention of a distinguished English officer, who had for years been struggling to bring it under the recognition of our own Admiralty. But, at least, the Admiralty was now ready to take credit for its eager desire to promote the trial of the invention. So Captain Coles was allowed, but always under official inspection and intermeddling, to have one of our own three-deckers cut down, to try how far our present fleet could be converted into cupola vessels; and an order was given to Mr. Samuda for a new vessel to be constructed according to his design. By his contract with the Admiralty this gentleman bound himself to have the *Prince Albert* launched by February, 1863, above a year ago. By their implied contract with Parliament, the Admiralty were bound to push on the conversion of the *Royal Sovereign* with all possible speed. Yet neither vessel is yet ready, or nearly ready. The attempt made by Lord Clarence Paget to throw the blame of this on Captain Coles is an unworthy subterfuge. The Portsmouth correspondent of the *Times* has frequently borne witness to the withdrawal of the workmen under Admiralty instructions, and not at the desire of Captain Coles. Meantime, however, the Admiralty has not been idle. It is, indeed, so urgent for novelty, that it granted to Mr. Reed, who had propounded a system of shipbuilding entirely unlike Captain Coles's, but had never, any more than that gentleman, actually built a ship, the opportunity of laying down three vessels on his principle in government yards. Before any one of these had approached completion, and, therefore, while their success or failure was still as problematic as that of the *Royal Sovereign*, it bestowed on Mr. Reed the office of Constructor of the whole British navy, displacing, in order to do so, one of the ablest practical men whom the service has ever possessed. This was a little too much for the House of Commons, and it compelled Government to cancel the appointment. Yet Parliament had no sooner risen last autumn than the appointment was again made and confirmed. Naturally, Mr. Reed has used his position to the full advantage. While Captain Coles's vessels, placed thus under the control of his avowed rival, tardily advance, Mr. Reed's are pushed on with all the authority and resources of the department. Two of the original three are now launched, one is at sea, and five new ones have been commenced and are being hurried forward. We can scarcely blame Mr. Reed for this result. He is only profiting by his position, and he would be almost more than human if he did not. But the conduct of the Admiralty is deserving of grave animadversion.

In failing to bring Captain Coles's invention to the test with all possible speed, the Duke of Somerset is paltering with the public and with his own honour. The public was right in demanding a fair and early trial of a principle which, if successful, must revolutionize naval science, and which had already borne with success the sharp criticism of actual battle. The Duke pledged himself that such trial should be accorded, and in delaying it, so as to allow a rival to get the start, he is breaking his faith and perilling the national safety. Nor should it be passed without notice, that even in what he is professing to do he is unfair. Captain Coles "claimed," to use an American phrase, that his principle was especially applicable to sea-going vessels fully rigged. But the Admiralty has issued its ukase that this question shall not be tried at all, for the *Royal Sovereign* is forbidden to have any masts. We commend these determinations to the consideration of such of the members of the House of Commons as care for good faith, and the maintenance rather of our pre-eminence at sea than of favouritism in the dockyards. They will form an interesting inquiry pending the discussion on the remaining Navy Estimates. For if we are supine, other nations are not. More than one European Power has already cupola vessels in its navy. The *Rolf Krake*, belonging to Denmark, but built, equipped, and sent to sea in this country since Government undertook the task, which it has not yet performed, has already fired the first shot in the Baltic war, and has come out of the fight uninjured, but with a hundred shot dents on her sides and turrets. The French, prejudiced as they are in favour of the *Gloire* model, have, it is reported, determined on commencing an experimental turret ship. If this new principle bear out what is thus anticipated from it, the country of its invention will, thanks to the Duke of Somerset and his protégé, hold a humiliating place in the first sea-fights of the next European war.

Meantime, debarred from trial in actual service, Captain Coles maintains a gallant paper combat in support of his theory. Some small capital has of late been made by his opponents from the ineffectual results of the second American conflict in which turret ships were concerned, the attack on Charleston last autumn. The reports of the captains of the *Monitors* on that occasion showed that although few lives were lost under the fire of the hostile forts, yet many casualties occurred from the flying of bolts, while the turrets themselves were in several instances disabled. Captain Coles in a pamphlet he has just published, under the title "English and American Cupolas," has pointed out very clearly that these results spring from defects which have been already foreseen and provided for in the vessels he has under construction in this country. The American turrets are indeed very different from those which the original inventor recommends. They revolve upon a single central pivot, without bearings at the circumference, they stand wholly above the deck, rising to a height of nine feet, and they are capped by a "pilot box" in the centre, which rises four-and-a-half feet more; they are turned solely by steam machinery, and the orders are conveyed to the engine-room from the pilot box by means of a bell. But in the *Royal Sovereign* the turret is sunk in the upper deck so that only four-and-a-half feet of it is visible above; it is supported at its base by rollers under its walls, which rest upon a circular rail on the lower deck; it has four different methods available for use in turning, all of which are independent of machinery, and are worked wholly under cover; it has no pilot box on the top, and no risk of communication with the engine being cut off. It is obvious how materially these conditions lessen the risk of its being damaged so far as to be unserviceable. The American turrets, as regards the materials of which they are composed, are no less distinct from our models than they are in the method by which they are worked. They are constructed of eleven plates of inch iron bolted together, a species of armour which is well known to be of far inferior resisting power to our $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch solid plates, but which supplies an inexhaustible arsenal of bolts and nuts ready to be discharged on the luckless inmates, by the concussion of the shot on the outside, or to fall down and wedge tight the revolving parts of the turret. The ports are closed by sliding-doors, a gentle tap on which by a 100-pound shot, when closed, renders them incapable of being again opened. Captain Coles substitutes for these a mere mantlet of rope, sufficient to exclude shell, and the efficacy of which was proved in the Black Sea. Of the minuter provisions made to prevent jamming, and to provide an easy and safe remedy for any accidents which hostile fire may occasion, it would be impossible to give any description such as would be comprehensible, without the aid of diagrams, and we must refer for these to the pamphlet itself. It is sufficient to say that, whatever may be the defects which will appear when the working of the whole is submitted to actual trial, it is at least certain that

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they cannot be such as were exhibited by the Ericson Monitors, and that the English will be incomparably superior to the American turret ships, not merely in sea-going capacity, but in the security provided for the combatants, and the precautions taken against the risk of even momentary disablement.

It would, of course, be rash in any one to affirm that all Captain Coles's anticipations will be realized, and that none but turret ships will henceforth be admissible in our navy. But the remarkable ingenuity and apparent soundness of their principle, combined with the extreme care and forethought with which its application has been wrought out, renders the experiment one of the most pregnant which has ever been tried in war. Even if it ultimately fails, it will have modified in a most important degree the system of naval armament. Professing (and this at least has been proved in America) to show how guns of 20 tons in weight, throwing from 300 lb. to 600 lb. shot can be carried and worked on board ship, it has suggested to the advocates of broadside ports the necessity, and the method, by which guns of equal size may be adopted under their system. Whether they will succeed is a problem indeed still unsolved. Mr. Reed's plans are equally untried in practice with those of Captain Coles, and in several particulars of most consequence, such as the fundamental one of possible strength of armour, to be carried on vessels of equal tonnage, they are inevitably of inferior promise. There is the more reason that Parliament should again interpose to insist on fair competition, and to prevent wasteful expenditure on a system as yet unproved.

M. MAZZINI AND MR. STANSFELD.

THE connection of M. Mazzini with the four conspirators sentenced last week in Paris for a design against the Emperor's life, must remain a subject of interminable controversy between M. Mazzini's friends and the believers in the French police. What the French police affirm, M. Mazzini most peremptorily denies. Nor, as far as the English public is concerned, is there any serious evidence against a politician, whose personal honour English gentlemen have no reason to doubt, while they have the gravest reason to condemn his tactics and to dislike his views. The trial of the four Italians, as far as M. Mazzini was concerned, is at best an *ex parte* affair. Whatever suspicion could arise, must spring either from the worthless assertions of an assassin who had turned informer, or from two or three letters said to be in Mazzini's handwriting. As to the testimony of Greco, it can hardly be called testimony at all. The previous history of this scoundrel is veiled under a cloud. Perhaps the character of the French police is such that they can afford to consider the very obvious suggestion that Greco was their tool as a calumny and a slander. Be this as it may, Greco was evidently one of those natures of whom spies are made. Even if it be admitted that he is entitled to the credit of having been at the first a *bona fide* murderer, it is tolerably clear that he ended by denouncing his companions, and it does not require the authority of Tacitus to persuade us that a villain who turns against his associates is not above including innocent people in his denunciations. Nor can we fail to see that Greco had all to gain and nothing to lose by allowing his inventive powers with reference to M. Mazzini the fullest play. His own case was all but hopeless. What hope for him remained lay in his proving whatever his judges and his prosecutor desired that he should prove. One must be blind not to see the evident desire of the French authorities to establish the complicity of M. Mazzini. Nor is much acumen requisite to perceive the corresponding wish of Greco to drive his evidence on this point home. Even had his anxiety been less apparent, there is still the final and conclusive observation to make that nobody was there to sift or cross-examine his uncorroborated statements, on the part of M. Mazzini. This damning reflection destroys also whatever may have been said before the Paris tribunal as to M. Mazzini's so-called handwriting. Against it all we do not hesitate to put the simple word of a man whose career shows certainly that he may be violent or intemperate, but as certainly does not show that he is either wanting in truth or in courage.

The possible explanation of the mystery may be found in the reasonable hypothesis that Greco imposed upon M. Mazzini himself. Probably they met, as is stated, at Lugano. Perhaps M. Mazzini committed himself so far as to adopt that Italian adventurer as his instrument for carrying out some mysterious project, of which Greco now affirms the assassination of the French Emperor to be a part. A rising in Italy, a rising in Naples, a rising in Paris itself, might have been the real enterprise professed or assented to by the ex-triumvir of Rome,

whose schemes are doubtless as wild and as multiform as they are subterranean and mysterious. All this is very different from a design to assassinate. Yet the documents relating to the less criminal adventure might, without much manipulation, be made to pass as inculpatory evidence of a more nefarious plot. The chief letter said to have been written by Mazzini is capable of this wild construction. The only direct allusion to the attempt on the Emperor's life occurs, not in a letter from Mazzini to Greco, but in a letter communicated by Greco to Mazzini. The story is, that this letter was written by Imperatori, and sent by Greco to the ex-triumvir, and by the latter returned to Greco, as a document serving to test Imperatori, and commit him to the plot. The narrative bears on its face the marks of improbability, if not of falsehood. Why, in the name of reason, should such a document be returned to Greco? It would have served the alleged purpose equally had it been left in the hands of the person to whom it was addressed. A more rational supposition is, that Imperatori indeed wrote it, but that Greco never sent it. The exact manner in which conspiracies are managed it is not for peaceable English critics to decide; but if M. Mazzini conducts a conspiracy in the way alleged, he has not that genius for intrigue with which his enemies seek to credit him.

But, assuming that M. Mazzini is innocent of the grave crime laid to his charge, as common sense and equity lead us to believe, we cannot help seeing that M. Mazzini's position in this country requires explanation. Thanks to the genius of the English Constitution, this country is a free asylum for the political refugees and exiles from all the unsettled nations of Europe. The hospitality we extend to the republican and the democrat has been given before now to princes and kings; and we see no reason to be ashamed of the curtain which England in her generosity lets fall on the political antecedents of every fugitive that reaches these shores, whatever his station and degree. This hospitality may, however, be, and it has, perhaps, too often been abused. Foreigners may be pardoned if, in moments of excitement, they describe London as a focus of intrigue. Every sojourner here whose conduct justifies the reproach abuses the refuge by which he profits. The belligerent vessel which, under distress of weather, is driven into an English harbour, has no right to convert that harbour into a basis for military operations. Just in the same way, M. Mazzini is welcome as a guest; but England has a fair ground for asking that, on his arrival, he should lay aside his revolutionary mask and mantle. If he wishes to conspire, the wide world is open to him. Let him weigh anchor, and practise his aggressive plans outside. There are many offences of which the law takes cognizance, the gravamen of which consists entirely in the fact that they are against public policy, that is to say, against either the internal peace or the external interest of the State. We do not accuse M. Mazzini of being privy to an attempt at murder; but there is a common belief that he is privy to many schemes for disturbing the harmony of Governments with which, even if we have little sympathy, we are at all events at peace. The time is come when he should make up his mind whether he prefers England and inactivity, or some other asylum, where continual agitation may be less unwelcome to his hosts. Unless he decides himself, the decision may be made for him. This journal, as its readers know, is a firm friend of the Liberal cause, not only in Italy, but in all Europe. There is no oppressed people with which it does not sympathise, no noble cause which it does not hope to see some day triumphant. But English hospitality, in our opinion, cannot be indefinitely extended to conspirators, however honourable their aims, unless they stop short of measures which embroil us with our neighbours.

Mr. Stansfeld's warm avowal of esteem for M. Mazzini in Parliament on Monday did equal honour to himself, to his friend, and to the House of Commons, which received it with respect. A large majority of that gentleman's countrymen, who by no means adopt his political creed, admire nevertheless both his talents and his honesty, and are glad to see him in office, believing that experience of public affairs will moderate many crotchets which political seclusion would only exasperate and increase. Yet Mr. Stansfeld himself upon reflection will doubtless be of opinion that some political intimacies are imprudent in a Minister of the Crown which would be harmless in a private politician. It is not very seemly to have foreign Governments observing that the residence of an English Under-Secretary is the address to which revolutionary letters are habitually addressed, under feigned names which cover without concealing their real destination. No servant of the State can consistently occupy such a curious position. It does not do to be at once a member of the Executive and a post-office for revolutionary committees abroad. With much forbearance the

House of Commons did not pursue an embarrassing and disagreeable topic. But if Mr. Stansfeld took stock of the personal opinions of his brother members, he would discover that there was one single sentiment about the imprudence of his conduct throughout the House, as indeed there must be among all sensible men. He will do us the justice to recollect that in spite of the many points of dissidence between himself and us, we approved warmly of his appointment. He is at this moment the most extreme Liberal in a tessellated and chequered Cabinet. It will be well if he is careful in future to guard against imputations which his enemies will readily make, and which his well-wishers cannot altogether treat as unfounded.

NEUTRALITY TOWARDS BURGLARS.

IN answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Layard, on Monday night, made a further revelation of the position which we have taken up in reference to the Dano-German conflict. Denmark, it seems, has a ship of war in course of construction in a private yard in this country. When hostilities were impending, the Danish Minister informed our Government of the fact, and offered to stop the work if we desired it. Our Government did desire it, and orders were given to that effect. On the remonstrances of the shipbuilder, however, the vessel was allowed to be launched, subject to the Danish Minister giving his word of honour that she should not leave this country without the leave of the authorities. The conduct of Denmark in the affair had been, Mr. Layard observed, marked by the most perfect good faith.

There is no doubt that it was marked not merely by good, but by chivalrous faith. Denmark went out of her way to inform us of what we might possibly, though certainly it could not be supposed that we should probably, regard as a breach of neutrality, from which eventual embarrassment might spring. But the question for us is, whether we are in this case bound to be thus neutral or not, and if we are not, the next question is, by what motive this position of neutrality is forced upon us? Now, as to the first question, it is to be observed that the Dano-German war is not one of those in which we can profess to stand wholly aloof, holding nothing but an abstract opinion on its merits, or a barren sympathy with one of the combatants. It is caused by infraction of a treaty to which we were parties. It is an assault, in our avowed belief, utterly unprovoked, upon a State with which we are bound in alliance. We may decide for ourselves that we are not so far involved as to be obliged to draw sword in the quarrel, yet we are certainly not therefore neutral. It is not merely our opinions that are ranged, with absolute unanimity, on the side of Denmark, in regard to the justice of the quarrel. But it is that engagements solemnly entered into by us, in concert with other Powers, have been deliberately trampled underfoot by the German States. It is admitted on all hands that we have in these circumstances an ample *casus belli*, if we think fit to exercise it. This is admitted even by our Government, which long ago warned the intending invaders that if they took up arms "Denmark would not be found alone." Now, we may choose to leave Denmark alone. But it is a wholly different thing to say to her that we will not only not fight for her, but that we will not suffer her to obtain ships and arms by purchase from us. When we have declared the attack unjustifiable in the eye of public law and of European interests, it is certainly a very strange proposition to lay down that we shall give to the breakers of law and disturbers of Europe all the benefits of law and all the encouragement of impartiality, and shall prevent the weaker party, the victim of violence, from procuring the means of defence.

If, then, neutrality is pushed to such excess in such a case, not called for by law, we may next ask why we have adopted it? The frank answer will be given, that it is because, if we had not, Austria and Prussia would have declared war against us. We may take leave to doubt that assertion. Each of these Powers has a good deal too much to do at home without declaring war against Great Britain. Both together are unable to crush Denmark, whose total population is less than that of London. It is not very probable that, with Poland and Venetia in their rear, they would proceed to declare war against Great Britain. But supposing they were really to make such a threat, what then? Is this country really sunk so low that she dare do nothing, however right and just it be, if a foreign despotism announces that it will consider the act a *casus belli*? We know, indeed, that we are already in that position as regards Russia. A Government despatch, declaring our recognition of Poland as a belligerent, was stopped by telegraph because Russia announced

that she would regard its presentation as a *casus belli*. The lesson has not been lost. The Germans know that we have crouched, like a whipped hound, beneath the crack of the autocrat's knout, and they too threaten us with their *casus belli* if we give countenance to the gallant little nation for which a new partition is in preparation. And it seems Lord Palmerston's Government shrinks back at the menace, and gladly accepts Danish magnanimity as our protection from the danger. How much lower are we to sink before we have drunk the full cup of humiliation?

WHAT OXFORD MIGHT BE.

THE passing of the new Oxford Statute is a change in the right direction, and will be saluted as such by those who examine the subject apart from inveterate prejudice. For a long time it was postponed by the votes of the non-residents, who twice came up from all parts of the country to reverse the decision of the Hebdomadal Council, and of the voters on the spot. The non-resident electors of the University fulfil the same wholesome functions with regard to Oxford that the House of Peers fulfil in the British Constitution. Their pleasing duty is to keep back measures of reform until they are fully ripe. This office may be pushed too far, and it would have been pushed too far, had the deliberate judgment of those who knew most about the practical working of the old Oxford system a third time been set at naught by a heterogeneous body that is apt to be wedded on such points to preconceived opinions. For once in a way, Oxford was excited by a movement that was neither political nor religious. The cry was indeed raised that classical education was in danger. The best answer to it was afforded by the fact that the greatest scholars at Oxford—among whom were men of the reputation of Professor Conington, Mr. Edwin Palmer, Mr. Riddell, and Mr. Ellis—came forward as the warm supporters of the reform. The only loss suffered by the classical system consists in the loss of a score or two of unhappy passmen, who, after a torture of three years, succeeded with difficulty in stumbling through a book of "Cicero" at the beginning of the fourth. The classical honour list will gain by a corresponding number of fair scholars, who otherwise would have been idle passmen, and who now will be attracted into the current of competition for a pass in *literæ humaniores*. A similar benefit is bestowed upon the other schools. Henceforward, any Oxford student who has a taste at all on any subject from astronomy down to caterpillars will be invited to educate and develop it. The lovers of Oxford may then hope great things from the alteration. New energies will be called out which have too often been encouraged to lie dormant, and Alma Mater is one step nearer to the ideal of a bee-hive, one step further removed from the ideal of a club.

The Liberal party at Oxford are too much in the habit of weakening their strength by devoting themselves to controversial questions. They lose a number of sympathisers throughout the country by so doing. The surest manner of making abuses strong is to allow them to take shelter under the sacred wings of theology. Thousands of reasonable Englishmen are anxious to see the Universities converted into nurseries of education for the nation at large, who are justly unwilling to approve of anything like an undermining of the foundations of the Church or of religion. Oxford is not the place for a flaunting of theological flags and for a firing off of muskets in the air by the champions of what is called liberal theology. Why cannot the reformers of academies turn their attention to something more practical and less unpalatable to moderate Churchmen. There is plenty of work to be done of a less obtrusive and less harmful description. First of all, let us take the administration of college revenues. There must be an enormous annual waste of precious funds which might be made available for purely educational purposes. Secondly, education might be made much cheaper for poor men. The term of residence might be habitually shortened. Finally, by a bold amendment of the University regulations, the Oxford course might at last be thrown open to many classes in England who at present are practically excluded from its advantages. All this is a kind of reform, which is far more sensible than a series of barren agitations directed against the religious faith of the majority of the nation, for it is a kind of reform in which good Churchmen may conscientiously co-operate.

Those who look to what Oxford might become, without losing its hold on the Church of England, have before their eyes a boundless prospect. Utopian as the suggestion may seem, we cannot help thinking that it may in time be possible to cut boldly to the bottom of the whole difficulty, and to consider whether the present college system itself is not faulty.

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Minute subdivision of the Universities are probably an almost unmixt evil. Will it never appear advantageous to Oxford herself to amalgamate the smaller colleges, which by their very position seem built for amalgamation. Innumerable obstacles doubtless stand in the way—an infinity of local traditions—a host of traditional attachments and prejudices. But if a vast amount of capital could by this means be saved for purposes of education, the scheme would be worth considering as a change which might be contemplated in the far future. Let us suppose that Balliol, Trinity, and St. John's were wise enough to pull down their boundary walls and to unite. First of all, one president or master would be sufficient, in place of three—a saving perhaps of £3,000 a year, and a sweeping measure that would not materially impair either the internal discipline or the educational resources of any of the colleges in question; at all events, in the long run. Next, one common kitchen and common lecture rooms would be a more economical and equally serviceable arrangement than that which now obtains. Perhaps £2,000 a year more of clear gain might be the result. Why not also let them have a common chapel? Trinity College at Cambridge, Eton College, Harrow, and Rugby find no difficulty in accommodating a congregation of five hundred. Yet, Balliol, Trinity, and St. John's have each a chapel to themselves for a congregation of sixty or eighty only. Separate deans and separate lecturers are thus paid for doing work that might be done as easily by a third of the officiating body. It is not an improbable calculation that, to say nothing of increased room for building, some six or seven thousand a year might be by these means added to the funds of these three colleges, if they had the good sense to know their own interests. What holds good of Balliol, Trinity, and St. John's, holds good of other groups of colleges. The political doctrine of natural frontiers might without much danger be introduced. We do not say that all this is to be done without surmounting many difficulties. No one who knows English universities would be bold enough to say so. But we should not be sorry to see some such vital measure fairly debated and thought of without a shudder by the well wishers of Oxford.

Next, as to the widening of the boundaries of Oxford itself. Most rational Englishmen would deeply regret any plan that would end in driving the English upper classes from a place of education which is in many respects so suited and congenial to them. Would this be the effect of throwing the gates of Oxford open to the poorer classes also? We do not see why it should. Oxford education could well afford to be cheapened to an almost incalculable extent; and none who believe that it is an object to carry out the wishes of the founders of the University and its colleges, will venture to deem such an attempt sacrilegious. Life at the colleges themselves cannot in all probability be made much cheaper. But two excellent ameliorations will at once suggest themselves to many minds. If the professorial system is worth anything at all, much more might be made of it than at present. Cannot the University affiliate to itself any non-collegiate residents who choose to attend lectures and to pass examinations. By opening to them several lecture-rooms for an almost nominal fee, the colleges would suffer no loss, and the change would pay its own way. Lastly, the duration of the University course might be shortened for those who wished it by a half. The answer given to these proposals in all likelihood would be that they would destroy the genius of the place—*negatur conclusio*. The genius of Oxford is not, we believe, so easily to be scared. Viewed from local standing points, the above ideas probably would seem wild and hopeless. A more valuable test is to consider whether they admit of refutation. But the energies of Oxford Common-rooms would be better bestowed by examining into such topics, than by discussing the drawbacks of the Act of Uniformity and other subjects, which, for Oxford at least, are rather inflammatory than wholesome.

THE PRECEDENCE OF EDINBURGH AND DUBLIN.

MANY a brisk little war was fought in the Middle Ages, and more than one important peace has been delayed, in more modern times, on account of a question of precedence. When the Tuscan ambassadors made a tour through Germany shortly before the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, they found nearly all the electors, dukes, and princes, in far greater perturbation on subjects of this kind than about the fortunes of the Augsburg and Helvetic confessions. But at the present day, diplomatic usage has pretty accurately settled all questions of international precedence in Europe; and as far as concerns the scale of private rank in this country, no lady who possesses a "Peerage" can have any difficulty in settling, by a reference to

its table of precedence, the knottiest question which may arise in her drawing-room, when she might otherwise be in doubt whether she ought to go down with the second son of a marquis or the eldest son of an earl, should both be dazzling her company with their coveted presence. And yet, ever since the month of April last, a problem of this nature has been agitating civic breasts on the banks of the Liffey and the shores of the Firth of Forth. It arose on the occasion of the presentation of congratulatory addresses to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House on the 22nd of that month, when the representatives of the Corporation of Edinburgh were admitted to the Royal presence before their Irish fellow-dignitaries. The capitals of Scotland and Ireland were by this event respectively plunged into a state of the wildest exultation and of the deepest indignation. Both felt that their honour, which aldermen and bailies prize even more dearly than calipash and calipee, was at stake. Was Dublin, which boasts its bishopric since the year 633, and its vice-regal Court in the year 1864, to submit to the tyrannical decision of Garter-king-at-arms? Would, on the other hand, the tough bailies of Auld Reekie ever afterwards consent to forego one iota of whatever they might presume they had once got hold of? Accordingly a strife arose, comparable only to the battle of words which Chriemhilda and Brunhilda of old sustained before the cathedral gate. Irish members of Parliament, armed with no shadowy grievance, demanded an explanation from the bewildered statesman who presides over the Home Department, and who is required to be at least as well posted up in heraldry as he is in law. Scotch members hurled defiance in their teeth. Conclusive opinions were furnished by the brightest constellations of the Chancery Bar on either side; Mr. Rolt entertaining as few doubts on the claims of Edinburgh to precedence as Sir Hugh Cairns felt with regard to those of Dublin. At last the matter was ripe for the decision of the Privy Council, before whom it was argued on the 20th of February, and decided a few days afterwards. This decision is characterized by an almost sublime equity; and the end of *hi motus animorum et hæc certamina tanta* is to be, that the two rivals are to enjoy alternate precedence. Let it not be frivolously urged, that a result of this kind ensures the incidental disadvantage of satisfying neither side. Whoever has read the elaborate pleadings on behalf of both claimants, will confess that the impression left on his mind would have led him to arrive at a very similar decision to that which the urbanity of Lord Granville and his colleagues induced them to adopt. It was, indeed, the most fitting settlement of the momentous contest, unless it could have been allayed by an arrangement like that agreed upon by the two Dromios in the "Comedy of Errors," and Dublin and Edinburgh been made to enter the Royal presence in future—

"Hand in hand, not one before another."

Much of the learning which was brought to bear on this perplexing case, as it seems to us, might well have been spared by the eloquent advocates. Indeed, Sir Hugh Cairns, who again represented Dublin before the Committee of the Privy Council, remarked, though not without a purpose, that the question was not one of national pre-eminence between Scotland and Ireland. The Lord-Advocate, on the other side, maintained, that the fact of Ireland having always been dependent, and Scotland independent, before the union of the latter with England, was of itself sufficient to solve the question of dignity as between the capitals of the two countries. It does not appear to us to be a matter of the slightest pertinency whether Ireland was regarded as a kingdom, or a lordship, or a colony at any time, or at all times, before the date of the union of Scotland with England. If it could be proved that up to that date Dublin was regarded as the second city in the dominions of the English Crown, it behoved the advocates for Edinburgh to show that, by the Act of Union of 1706, their client ousted her from this position. It is to no purpose to maintain that Edinburgh was the capital of one of the component parts of that union, unless this can be proved to be tantamount to her having been *ipso facto* acknowledged as the second capital of the British empire ever since. Granted that, in many points of view, it is incorrect to say, with Sir Hugh Cairns, that the effect of the union was to absorb Scotland; yet, though the laws and customs of each of the two countries were to be preserved unaltered (except by special subsequent interference of the Imperial Parliament), this cannot be held to have implied that the rights of a city in the one, such as Dublin (supposing them to have existed), should be affected by those of another, whether the old capital or not, in the other. The precedence of Scotch over Irish peers is no satisfactory analogy; for it was specially provided for by the Act of Union

with Ireland of 1801, and cannot accordingly have been held to have been taken for granted on account of any supposed relation between the original positions of the two countries.

We therefore venture to think, that if Dublin could have clearly made out her right to be considered the second city of the empire before the union of England and Scotland, and if Edinburgh could not demonstrate that she herself was ever expressly put in that place over the head of the Irish capital between that date and the disputed occasion of April last, the Lord-Advocate and his friends would have had the worst of the argument. (Neither side appears to have greatly insisted on the heraldic part of the dispute, though Edinburgh claimed the precedence on the ground of the quartering of the Scottish arms being second, and that of the Irish only third, on the Royal shield.) To what extent, then, was Dublin's ancient right to the second place among the cities of the English dominion made out by her champions? Assuredly her antiquity, and that of her bishopric and archbishopric, will not carry her far. For this, as the Lord Advocate suggested, would be an argument which might bring York into the field. The next proof is of a still slenderer description, and consists in the bestowal of the titles of "Lord Mayor" and "Lady Mayoress" upon the chief magistrate and his wife by King Charles I. And what on earth has the residence of the Viceroyal Court at Dublin to do with the precedence of the latter over any city in the realm? "Thus was Mexico," observes Sir Hugh Cairns, in his published statement of the case for Dublin, "the seat of the Viceroyalty of the Indies, under Spain, recognised as a capital city; thus was Milan the capital of the Viceroyalty of Lombardy; and thus is Grand Cairo the capital of the Viceroyalty of Egypt." If these instances are intended to prove what scarcely stood in need of proof, that Dublin is the capital of Ireland, as Milan was of Lombardy and Cairo is of Egypt, the information may be received with the gratitude it deserves; but to render them analogies, it should have been shown that this fact has always entitled each of them to hold the second place in the several empires of which Mexico, Lombardy, and Egypt formed a part. Does Sir Hugh Cairns, for instance, imagine that such a position was at any time conceded in Spain to the city of Mexico? It is much more to the purpose that in the year 1821 Dublin and London were the only corporations who presented their addresses personally to the Sovereign, while Edinburgh sent up hers in the ordinary way to the Secretary of State. But as Edinburgh was allowed this identical privilege only one year afterwards, on the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Holyrood, it may be presumed that the reason why she had not applied for it a twelvemonth sooner was the same which, as her advocate candidly admits, made her disinclined to claim the right of presenting petitions at the Bar of the House of Commons: "not only was it tedious, but it was expensive."

In short, it is very clear that the question, such as it was, had never been brought to a decision before the fatal day in last April. Up to that time both capitals had apparently contented themselves with being first at home. Dublin had shone alone among Irish cities with "the splendours of a viceroyal Court," and Edinburgh had derived constant consolation from the fact of her indubitable precedence over her grimy, younger, and bigger sister, Glasgow. Each rejoiced in her antiquity, in her Lord Mayor and Lord Provost, and each probably deemed herself quite equal in dignity to her future rival, Dublin perhaps thinking herself both equal to Edinburgh and a little more. But when the day came on which every imaginable public and private body in the three kingdoms sent up its deputations to crowd the apartments of Marlborough House, and see how much the Royal Bride could be made to go through by a loyal public, then did the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and the Lord Mayor of Dublin meet in the antechamber of the Royal reception-room. We are not aware whether the former, to save "expense," wore the gown which, in the year 1609, his predecessor was "empowered" to wear by King James IV., or whether the latter had brought with him the "cap of maintenance and collar of SS," bestowed upon his city by that sainted monarch, King Charles II. Yet may we rest assured that both were fearfully and wonderfully attired; for it has never been an article of faith with the civic magistrates of any of the "component parts" of this empire, that beauty "when unadorned, is adorned the most." Then, and apparently then for the first time, it became necessary to ascertain which was entitled to "go first." History will relate, how, in the words of the Lord-Advocate, "the Lord Provost, without any desire to give up the rights appertaining to his office, declined to make the question a matter of controversy in the presence of the Sovereign, and awaited the decision which was subsequently given by Garter-King-at-Arms." Nor were his

almost superhuman modesty and self-command to go unrewarded; for on the arrival of that mysterious functionary, the momentous question was decided in favour of the sons of Scotia, and Dublin had to come in 'a bad third.'

But now, by the suave decision of the Privy Council, all is to be peace. When the addresses are presented on the occasion of the christening of the newborn Royal Prince, Dublin will have her *révanche*; but should a brother or sister of the Duke of Cornwall ever make a similarly "auspicious" first appearance in public life, Edinburgh will be the first of the rivals to hail it with a loyal scroll of vellum. May the smiles of royalty fall with equal benignity on Provost and on Mayor, till under that balmy influence they come to love one another with the love of municipal twins, and to acknowledge that they are both great and mighty in the land, and that there is none to whom either need give the wall, save the loftiest of all civic dignitaries that be, the great Panjandrum himself—the Lord Mayor of the City of London.

WILL THE GREAT HOTELS PAY?

THE interest of the shareholding public in the new hotels conducted on a gigantic scale, has become so large, that a discussion of the momentous question—will they pay? cannot be unimportant to our readers. It may seem strange that the public should be seized with such a mania for undertakings of which they can have no possible knowledge, but several circumstances have tended to bring it about. The letters in the *Times*, complaining of the dearness and badness of the hotels conducted by private enterprise, seconded by the extraordinary tales of the almost fabulous dividends earned by the Great Western Railway Hotel, were alone enough to excite the attention of persons having a larger balance at their bankers than they knew what to do with; and it only required the apparent confirmation given by the large dividends divided by the shareholders of the already established hotels in the year 1862 to determine speculation into this new channel. Persons unacquainted with the true facts of the case are satisfied at the simple payment of a high dividend. Hence the new schemes set afloat, which are rapidly becoming accomplished facts. If shareholders had only made inquiries before taking their shares into the conditions on which such large dividends had been earned, they would without doubt have thought twice before doing so. The 35 per cent. dividend payable by the Great Western Hotel, for instance, is a delusion and a snare if looked upon as a guide for any similar undertaking.

This splendid building fell into the hands of a few fortunate speculators at a moment when the Great Western shareholders regarded it much in the same light as an Indian prince would a present of an elephant from the Great Mogul—a splendid and costly incumbrance—and they were glad to get it off their hands at any cost. They did so, in fact, and the present proprietary hold it at a nominal rent. This fact alone should have removed this hotel from being quoted as an example upon which speculations of a like kind might safely be founded. But as fate would have it, the enormous congregation of visitors to the metropolis in the year of the International Exhibition only tended to confirm shareholders in their exaggerated hopes. Every hotel, whether new or old, in private hands, or held by shareholders, was full, and, unfortunately, speculators took advantage of this exceptional influx of visitors to hold forth promises which the very next year were most signally disappointed. If the Portland, the Lincoln's-inn, and the Strand hotels were started in the belief that the receipts of that year were to continue, we fear their shareholders will live to deplore their temerity. The shareholders of the Grosvenor, one of the best placed of the railway hotels, are already repenting in sackcloth and ashes their simplicity of belief on this point, their balance-sheet for the last half-year ending December 31st showing that they have earned just £393. 6s. 9d. less than nothing! It may be said that the Westminster Company have at least paid a dividend of 6 per cent., but the result has been brought about by other means than by the earnings of the hotel, as we shall presently show.

When we come to look upon the enormous sums these magnificent new structures cost simply in building and furnishing, we see at once how overweighted they are in the race for public patronage as at present conducted. The Portland and the Charing-cross hotels, it is known, will cost, including the freehold of the land on which they are built, a quarter of a million each before their doors can be opened for business. The freehold of the land purchased for the Inns of Court Hotel has cost £40,000. These are dead weights which must be lifted, whether the hotel begins to pay at once regularly,

or whether payments fluctuate with the season. We all know that if the rooms of these hotels filled all the year round, the calculations of the projectors would be fulfilled; but as at present managed this is just the contrary of the fact. In the season they are full, but during the long autumn and winter months they are, comparatively speaking, a desert. The chairman of the Grosvenor illustrated this fact at the general meeting of the shareholders the other day, by stating that the directors had provided sleeping accommodation for 220 guests, and expected that number would have come to their hotel direct from the railway station daily, whereas the actual number of arrivals by the back door, or direct from the railway station, was only on the average 10, and by the front door only another 10, or 200 less than they expected from this source! The variations in the season also were excessive; sometimes only 40 or 50 guests arrive within two or three days; at others, 140 within the same time. If the loss upon these miscalculations were merely confined to the rent of the furnished rooms, it would be bad enough, but it represents the far more serious loss occasioned by the wages and the maintenance of the service. It is quite clear that the difficulty these large hotels have to deal with is to utilize their establishments in the off season. It is a difficulty that equally applies to the private hotels, and they meet it, we well know, by a reduction of charges at those times; and it is in this direction that our great proprietary hotels must move if they wish to see fair dividends payable on their shares. In this country we have no experience of large hotels to go upon; but we have only to cast our eyes the other side of the Channel to see the manner in which the problem is solved. In Boulogne, for example, the moment the season is over, the hotel proprietors prepare for a totally different sort of guests from the birds of passage that frequent them in the summer months. When these depart, families who make an arrangement to board *en pension*, as it is termed, flock in and fill up the void. It is true they pay only half the prices of the season guests, but half a loaf is better than no bread, as the old adage hath it, and our own great hotels must adopt a similar system. The Westminster at the present moment is, in fact, paying its way on this principle, one-half of the hotel being let to the India Office at a rental of £6,000 a year, with the privilege of providing luncheon for the heads of the department and for their clerks. Surely there could be no difficulty in finding tenants for the few hundreds of apartments in our great hotels, if they were only let on terms within people's means. There is always a floating population to that amount in the metropolis requiring accommodation, and this number could be boarded and lodged pretty nearly as cheaply as it now is in lodgings. There are thousands who come up from the country in the winter time, simply because things are then more reasonable, and all of these may be secured, if the managers will consent to meet their views. At all seasons, the present preposterous charges must be abandoned. The traditions of the old hotel-keepers are acting most prejudicially for these new ventures, which are intended to inaugurate a new era in the matter of public accommodation. For instance, we all imagined that these new hotels were to be conducted, like other large concerns of the present day, on the principle of small profits and quick returns; yet, if a gentleman ventures into one of them to dine, he finds that the conventional charge of three shillings for a pint of indifferent sherry is still the rule, and if he happens to be a resident guest, he cannot solace himself with an ordinary cold sponging bath under a shilling, whilst the ordinary rate of his bill is a pound a day. These are fancy prices which deter the great bulk of the upper classes from patronizing these establishments. There is still another means by which the present dead loss upon the off season may be obviated. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. The guests who have left the hotel during the burning months of June, July, and August, and even later in the season, must be followed to the seaside, where they recruit their health. If supplementary establishments of this nature were established, the superabundant servants who now kick their heels in the deserted rooms and eat their heads off, could be drafted to them as they were wanted. In the Lake district an arrangement of this kind has long been carried out. The waiters at the Salutation, Ambleside, when the summer has passed, migrate to the large towns,—to Carlisle, to Edinburgh, and to Glasgow. Abroad it is the same. At Dieppe not a single large establishment opens its doors in the winter, and the whole hotel service of the town decamps to Paris. If the English people were not so abominably slow they would have followed the same compensating principle in the metropolitan establishments.

We hear, again, that the waste and extravagance that obtain in these monster proprietary hotels is most painful to witness. In our own households, we all of us well know how the weekly bills run up when the principals are absent, and we must therefore expect a certain amount of loss where the managers are only salaried servants, without any personal interest in economising, but this loss might at least be reduced to a minimum if the directors were to do their duty. If reforms in the direction we have mentioned were rigidly enforced, we believe that the new hotel system would pay, as it certainly possesses the great advantage of affording accommodation of a luxurious kind, which smaller establishments cannot possibly furnish for their guests; and this accommodation, when shared by the large numbers the gigantic hotels are calculated to hold, can well be provided at a moderate rate.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

RAILWAY shareholders are inquiring how it happens that so small a proportion of their increased earnings is available. Railway traffic is improving, and most of the great lines show an excess of revenue. The Great Northern has £24,000 of gross receipts more than last year, but divides only £6,000. The Caledonian receipts show an increase of £24,000, but only £4,000 finds its way to a $6\frac{1}{2}$ dividend against 6 per cent. for the corresponding half-year. The Great Eastern has increased its earnings by £33,000, but gives only the same rate of dividend as before. The Midland Railway has an excess in earnings of £58,000, but of this sum only £25,000 is available to pay the increased dividend of 10s. per cent. upon the share capital. The North-Eastern shows £90,000 more earnings than in the corresponding half-year, and an increase of revenue upon the year of not less than £150,000, but only £28,000 goes to dividend. The Lancashire and Yorkshire contrasts favourably in this respect with other lines. Here the increased receipts are £68,000, and the large sum of £45,000 is distributed in dividend. The North Staffordshire shows a gross increase of £11,400, out of which £8,000 goes to dividend. The London and North-Western show increased earnings to the amount of £135,196, of which £62,000 finds its way into the shareholders' pockets. This, as we stated last week, indicates rigid economy in the working expenses. The London and Brighton shows a decrease of earnings of £43,000, while the amount available as dividend is less by £47,000. The South-Western, less unfortunate, has lost £23,000, but the shareholders in dividends lose only £18,500. The catalogue might be multiplied, but the moral is the tendency of the working expenses or fixed charges to increase in a greater proportion than the revenue. When traffic managers make extraordinary efforts to swell the receipts, either by more frequent daily trains, cheap excursion trains, or low rates of merchandise traffic, the working expenses rise with alarming rapidity, and absorb an undue proportion of the gross earnings. Add the burdens on capital account, the preference and other charges, the necessity for finding money for deposits on "fighting lines" and new projects, the cost of Parliamentary contests, and the increased interest of money, and the shareholders will understand the startling disproportion between the excess of earnings and the increase of dividends.

It would seem to be with railways as with machines, human and inanimate. Call upon a man for superhuman and long-continued physical effort, and you have a prodigious amount of waste. Try and get fourteen knots an hour out of an ocean steamer, when its normal rate of speed is twelve knots, and you obtain the slight increase at a disproportioned expenditure of fuel, and a marked increase of strain and friction. Perhaps, however, a distinction may be drawn between a natural and healthy increase of traffic, and the feverish and factitious inflation of traffic receipts by railway managers anxious to stand well with their boards, and embarking on a reckless competition with rival lines. There are few ordinary trains that could not carry ten per cent. more passengers without inconvenience and without materially adding to working expenses. But the increase of traffic must come naturally and without touting. If it is gained from a rival line an element of underselling and competition is introduced, up go the working expenses, and the shareholders who have been rubbing their hands with delight over the weekly traffic returns awake to find that excess of earnings is only followed by an additional quarter or half per cent. of dividend.

There are some splendid examples of 10 per cent. dividends to show what railway property may become. The Lancaster and Carlisle has declared a dividend of $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and its prospects ought to be improved by becoming the channel of the

Midland traffic into Scotland, in addition to that of the London and North-Western. The Whitehaven Junction has again paid its noble dividend of 10 per cent. The Taff Vale has had a year of enormous traffic, which gives an additional 1 per cent. dividend upon £759,000 of its capital stock, and ranks it among the 10 per cent. lines. The price of Taff Vale stock shows the weakness of railway shareholders for a 10 per cent. line. On the 1st of January the £100 shares were at £160, and last week the price in the locality was £168 to £170. Of course a railway so thriving is considered fair game by speculative lawyers and contractors. The chairman of the Taff Vale piteously bewailed the unhappy lot of railway directors. If a railway does not pay, all their energies are directed to improve the traffic, and they are abused by the shareholders into the bargain. If it does pay, they have to defend themselves against speculators who either "tap" them by rival lines or attempt to fasten unremunerative suckers, misnamed feeders, upon them. The Stockton and Darlington almost exhausts the list of 10 per cent. lines.

Of English lines, perhaps, the most gratifying instance of elasticity and good management under depressing circumstances is furnished by the Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is situated in the centre of the cotton district, and the decrease in its traffic commenced about two years ago; yet it is gradually regaining its goods and passenger traffic; the rolling stock worked nearly 10 per cent. more goods traffic than in the busiest year prior to 1863, and the directors declared a dividend of $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum against 4 for the corresponding half-year. This line paid £3. 17s. 6d. in 1862, while this year it pays £4. 10s.

Another example of progress is supplied by the Midland Railway, which divides 7 per cent. against $6\frac{1}{2}$ for the corresponding half-year. This company is constructing an independent line from Bedford to London, and will very soon have a London station of its own, and as complete a communication with the Metropolitan as the Great Northern or the Euston-square. It will also, by the proposed tunnel under the Strand, be able to run its carriages to Charing-cross, and enjoy a through communication with the Continent. The Midland also propose to make a new line to Sheffield, and to become joint partners with the London and North-Western in the Lancaster and Carlisle, whereby they will gain access to the Scotch lines, and a share of the Scotch traffic. The policy of the Midland is bold and enterprising, and the chairman warned the shareholders that they would shortly have to look seriously in the face the best mode of raising additional capital. The Midland dividend, however, has shown a progressive increase from £2. 12s. 6d. in 1851 to £6. 7s. 6d. in the present year. The Midland, moreover, has a traffic of £70 per mile, with a number of ton branches, and the main line is said to yield £150 per mile per week. With a London station, free access both to the extreme south and north, and a good understanding with the London and North-Western, the Midland appears to be entering upon a prosperous career.

The Great Northern has increased from £3. 1s. 7d. in 1857 to £6. 10s. this year. When the Great Northern (then the London and York) obtained their bill after an obstinate, protracted, and most costly battle, Mr. Hudson, then chairman of the Midland, is said to have observed that they were welcome to make the line, and he would get possession of it for half its cost, or a guarantee of 2 per cent. The railway king was no railway prophet, for he has lived to see the Great Northern become, in fifteen years, the largest dividend paying line of any of the great railways. Its dividend for the past year was $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the Midland following next with $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the London and North-Western with only $5\frac{1}{2}$.

The railway traffic in the north of England has been, and continues to be, exceedingly good. The coal and mineral traffic is large and remunerative. The Cumberland railways have signally benefited from the advance in the price of iron during the past twelve months. The Welsh lines, depending mainly on mineral traffic, have been prosperous in an unprecedented degree.

The Irish lines, we regret to remark, form a melancholy exception to the general prosperity of British railway enterprise. The successive bad harvests and the repeated failure of the potato crop have caused the deepest depression among the agricultural and trading classes of that country. The people are flying from the country, and the increase of emigration coupled with the falling off in trade sufficiently account for the diminished traffic and the partial decrease of the dividends. Thus the Great Northern and Western of Ireland apologise for a 3 per cent. dividend on the ground of the unprosperous condition of the country. The increased value of money during the half-year has added to the interest account of the

railways, and has affected their dividends. These misfortunes are aggravated by a want of harmony between the boards of various lines, who might mutually promote each other's interests if they would take a lesson from the London and North-Western policy of 1864. About 120 miles of continuous railway in the north of Ireland are in the hands of four separate companies, to the great loss and waste of shareholders and the inconvenience of the public.

The Metropolitan shows a splendid mileage traffic, but a dividend far below the just pretensions of such a line. They carried nine millions of people in one year between Farringdon-street and Paddington, or about three times the population of London! But the Great Western declined to carry out their agreement to work the line. The directors were then obliged to go to the Great Northern, which lent them such plant as it could spare. The carriages were, however, old and bad, the lights were very indifferent, and the accommodation so defective that even when they had a bad week they were often compelled to leave passengers on the platform because they could not carry them. The consequence was that the traffic fell at once from £2,000 to £1,500 per week. The Metropolitan have since ordered new carriages, and a supply of new locomotives will be coming in next April, May, and June. The directors propose an extension westward to Kensington and eastward to Tower-hill, and then the Chairman promises the shareholders a 15 per cent. dividend. The North London dividend of 7 per cent. against 6 in the corresponding half year, and a good report and dividend of 6 per cent. from another metropolitan line, the North and South Western Junction, afford new proof that lines constructed at great expense through crowded metropolitan districts may become remunerative to shareholders.

The London, Chatham, and Dover, so far from going to Parliament for Windsor Castle, St. Paul's, and the other projects attributed to them by *Punch*, have, it seems, no new projects whatever this year. The Blackfriars Station (south side of the Thames) will be opened in April, the bridge across the Thames in June, and in a very short time afterwards the company hope to run their carriages into the Metropolitan and Great Northern at Farringdon-street.

THE GREAT WILL CASE.

THE will case which, during the whole of last week and part of the present, occupied the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury at Guildhall, is in every respect one of the most romantic we can call to mind. It is eight years since the death of the testator whose property is in dispute, and during that time the litigants have contended in the Rolls Court, before the Lords Justices, in the House of Lords, and thrice before a special jury, the presiding judge on each occasion being one of the chiefs of the Courts of Common Law. By this process, exhaustive we fear in more ways than one, it is to be hoped that it has at last been ascertained whether Mr. George Nuttall, of Matlock, made the three codicils which the plaintiffs have set up or not. Looking at the pleading and evidence in the last trial, we confess we have no difficulty in forming a decided opinion on this question. We believe that he did not; and a more improbable story—short of one clumsily improbable—we have seldom heard.

Nuttall, the testator, lived at Matlock, where he filled some offices of public trust. He was a man of considerable intelligence, of good business habits, precise and regular; and having by his prudence considerably increased his patrimonial estate, the making of his will was, of course, a matter of much anxiety to him. He was not married; but he had relatives, one of whom, Catherine Marsden, his cousin, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper up to the time of his death. This woman's sister was married to John Else, who, from his boyhood up, had been off and on in the employment of old Nuttall, and who is virtually the plaintiff in the present case, and setter up of the three codicils, which we cannot now doubt are forgeries. Besides these relatives, the testator had a cousin and namesake, John Nuttall, whose children are the virtual defendants in the case. By the will, John Nuttall was appointed residuary legatee, and took the bulk of the estate. By the codicils this order of things was reversed, and the lion's share fell to Else. The will was made in September, 1854, and executed in duplicate—evidently to make sure of its taking effect; for if one copy were lost, there would remain the other. One of these copies the testator entrusted to a neighbour named Knowles, in whose hands it may or may not have remained till after the testator's death. The other he placed amongst his books and papers in a cupboard in his bed-room, carefully locked. On the 7th of March, 1856, he died. On that day the cupboard was broken

open, and this copy of the will found, after careful search. The cupboard was then re-fastened, and after the funeral, Knowles having meantime said that there were other papers, search was again made in the cupboard, and the duplicate was discovered, with an interlineation in a different hand from that of the will. But the testator wrote two hands, and the handwriting of the interlineation was like his. By that interlineation, John Else took £100 per annum, and Catherine Marsden £50 per annum more than under the will. But no one then questioned the authenticity of the interlineation. Mr. Newbold, the testator's solicitor, removed his books and deeds to his own house; while John Nuttall, the residuary legatee under the will, removed some loose papers to Else's house, where he was staying, and where on the 12th of the following April he died. His grave had hardly been filled in before it began to teem with codicils.

Three of these documents, one after another, Else produced; all purporting to have been executed by old Nuttall within three months of his death; all discovered in the same order of time in which they were executed; all bettering the position of Else and Catherine Marsden with regard to their interest in the testator's estate, and one of them providing an annuity for one of Knowles's children. Two of these codicils, the second and third, purport to have been witnessed by this man; and it has been shown that since old Nuttall's death he has not paid Else the rent of a quarry—£100 per annum—belonging to the estate, which he certainly would have had to pay under the will. That he should have witnessed the execution of these codicils, and held his tongue about them when search was being made for the testator's will, is an improbability only matched by the reason he gave for his silence—namely, that he did not wish "to betray the testator," and that he "feared to make mischief." Such an explanation will not stand for a moment. It is simply preposterous. Then, again, it is a fact most damaging to Else's case that not upon one of the three trials has he ventured to call Catherine Marsden. Supposing that he obtained from Knowles the copy of the will which old Nuttall had entrusted to him,—supposing that it was he who made the interlineation and then deposited the will in the cupboard,—it would have been dangerous to call this woman, who was in the house at the time when he did so, and who might not be a safe subject for cross-examination. A most inadequate reason is given for her absence. She had taken to drink! This is a lame apology, and forces on us the suspicion that the real cause of her absence was the extent to which she had benefited by the codicils.

But without the suspicious character of Knowles's evidence and Catherine Marsden's absence from the witness-box, there is ample ground for suspicion, both in the codicils themselves and the circumstances under which they were found. The first and last certainly, and the second probably, were found by Else; the first amongst the papers which John Nuttall had brought to his house, and which remained there after his death; and the second upon a search which he occasioned. But the finding of the third in a jar deposited in a hole under the window-board of a loft, a place in which the testator would never have put it unless in a fit of temporary insanity, is destructive of the plaintiff's case. There are the best grounds for believing not only that he did not, but that he could not place it there. With the pains he had taken to secure the safety and publicity of his testamentary disposition, by making his will in duplicate, it is certain that he could not have intended to conceal them. But even had he had such an intention, he was physically incapable of carrying it out by depositing the third codicil in the place where Else found it. He was suffering from an abscess in his spine. The window in the loft was screwed down by a vice weighing 60 lb. It is pretended that, suffering as he was, he unscrewed this vice, placed the will in the hole under the window-board, and then screwed the vice down again. Nothing can be more improbable. But, apart from these proofs of fraud, the codicils bear internal evidence of forgery. The hand in which they are written, though like the testator's second handwriting, is clearly distinguishable from it. And the fraud is further made out by the fact that his errors in spelling are not those to be found in the codicils.

We have touched only on the more salient points of the evidence; nor is it necessary to go into the case more minutely. The jury, after half an hour's consideration, found a verdict for the defendants—establishing the will, and virtually condemning the codicils as forgeries; and their decision is so clearly in accordance with the evidence, that no shadow of doubt as to its justice can for a moment be entertained.

THE HAMMERSMITH RAILWAY SCANDAL.

MR. PARSONS is no longer chairman of the Hammersmith Railway Company. He resigned office on Monday last, complacently observing that he had determined to take this step now that his personal reputation has been vindicated by the decision of a jury. To that vindication he is perfectly welcome; and of any solace he can derive from it no one can wish to deprive him. Apparently he himself does not set a very high value upon it; for he told the special meeting on Monday that he agreed with the Lord Chief Justice that his position had for a long time been a false one. Why, notwithstanding this conviction, he retained it, he is also good enough to inform us; he did so, "by the advice of friends." Never was a man more unfortunate in his counsellors; never one more unwise in deferring to their advice in defiance of his own conscience. Such an apology is miserable. What would become of commerce and enterprise if men placed in a high position were allowed to convert that position into a false one, yet retain it on "the advice of friends"? What would become of all our relations to one another were men excused from acts condemned by themselves because, forsooth, they did them on "the advice of friends"? There is no limit to the injustice such a plea would admit.

But Mr. Parsons was not allowed to divest himself of his chairmanship with this precious apology. He had obtained the verdict of a jury; but that verdict, which had not satisfied the public of his clearness—which had left even on his own mind the impression that his position had been a false one—was still less satisfactory to the shareholders of the Hammersmith Company. The trial through which he had obtained it had disclosed the whole course of his dealings with Mr. Blake, with his solicitors, and with the company in the matter of the Portobello estate, and they felt that they should neither be dealing justly with themselves nor with the public were they to let him resign his office without marking their sense of his conduct while he retained it. Accordingly, at the special meeting on Monday last, Mr. M. S. Tatham moved and Mr. A. O. Wilkinson seconded the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—

"That the shareholders retain the opinion expressed in the resolution passed at the meeting held on the 24th July last, and cannot allow Messrs. Parsons and Blake to retire without recording their entire concurrence in the comments of the Lord Chief Justice on the impropriety of directors speculating in land through which their railway is intended to pass."

But this resolution, emphatic as it is, did not meet the whole justice of the case. Mr. Parsons had obtained the verdict of a jury, which, in as far as it exonerated him, condemned Mr. Surgey. Mr. Surgey, it will be remembered, was the shareholder who, having placed the great bulk of the shares amongst his friends, felt himself bound, when he obtained a hint of Mr. Parsons' "false position," to have it investigated and made to stand in the full light of day. He did so thoroughly, faithfully, and, in our judgment, with no personal rancour against Mr. Parsons, nor with less pertinacity than his position and the scandal he had to ferret out required. Mr. Parsons brought an action against him, and the jury found that Mr. Surgey had libelled him. As the company thought differently, it was but fair that they should say so. And they did say so by the following resolution, moved by G. Slater-Booth, M.P., seconded by Mr. Thomas Curtis, and, like the first, carried unanimously:—

"That this meeting desires very cordially to thank Mr. Surgey for his unremitting attention to the interests of the company, and to assure him that in defending on public grounds the action recently brought against him, he has rendered essential service not only to this company but to the public at large."

Here, then, is an end of the Hammersmith Railway Scandal. Mr. Parsons, when he has the verdict of the jury framed and glazed, should not forget these resolutions. And should he favour the other companies at whose boards he has a seat with a copy of the verdict, no doubt he will feel bound in honour to add the comments which the Hammersmith Company has passed on him, on Mr. Blake, and on Mr. Surgey.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

WE do not learn, without very deep regret, that one of the greatest benefactors of our age is driven by declining health to retire from a public service that owes to his wisdom and energy an extension of its usefulness which thirty years ago was beyond hope or belief. But it is even so. The Post-office reforms, which to all of us have been a boon of inestimable price, have brought to their author a life of incessant toil, under which he now sinks with a constitution wasted, and unable any longer to back the zeal which is yet strong to serve the public. He has therefore resigned his secretaryship of the General Post-office. Never did his country part with a servant it was more unwilling to lose, or to whom it owed a deeper debt of gratitude.

When, seven-and-twenty years ago, Sir Rowland, then Mr. Hill, inaugurated penny postage, red-tape looked aghast at the innovation and said it would never pay. Mr. Hill said that it would, and he was right. For seventy millions of letters transmitted annually by post then, we post upwards of six hundred millions now; and with an increased establishment, and conveniences a hundred-fold multiplied, the net revenue of the Post-office is considerably

larger. The whole system has been so renovated that to return to the service as he found it would be like lapsing from a state of high civilization into one of barbarism. This he has done for us. And now, after a career so distinguished by the great results he has achieved, and not less by the zeal, the wisdom, the patience, the energy and single-mindedness with which, one after another, he has indefatigably followed them up, it is with feelings of sadness which no words of ours can express, that we see him retire with health broken in our service, and as yet without reward for the benefits he has conferred upon us—benefits which we experience every day, and almost every hour that we live.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

THE Admiralty are building a very remarkable vessel, and, lest it should be thought that the plan of its construction is their own, or the invention of an Englishman, they have, with equal modesty and generosity, made known that, as our playwrights do their dramas, they have taken it from the French. The vessel is the *Pallas*; and Lord C. Paget is so proud of her that, in introducing the Navy Estimates, he invited all hon. gentlemen who are fond of yatching to inspect her, and see for themselves what a happy creation she is. "She is a vessel," he said, "of a very peculiar form, which we have adapted from the French. All the reports we receive from France agree in representing that the best ships they have are the *Solferino* and the *Magenta*. When at sea they plunge less than other vessels; and this is due to a remarkable peculiarity in the construction of their bows. Each is provided with what may be described as an elongated bow under water. We have adopted the principle. The *Pallas* will have great speed; we believe, indeed, that she will be the fastest ship in the navy."

A good thing is good, no matter where we get it from, and if by borrowing from the French we can get a faster ship than any we possess, by all means let us borrow; and it is only fair that when we do so we should make a generous acknowledgment of our indebtedness. But let us be just before we are generous. In the very year in which the battles were fought from which the two French ships have received their names—that is, in 1859—Mr. Prideaux, an Englishman, patented this elongated bow, and twice submitted a model to the Admiralty, which model, bearing the Admiralty scribe mark, is now in his possession. In doing so, Mr. Prideaux explained how this form of bow would diminish pitching, add to the vessel's speed, and increase the stability of gun platform. From that date to the present he has taken every suitable occasion of pointing out that this mode of construction offers the only possible solution of the problem how to make armour-clad ships good sea-boats and efficient men-of-war. Clearly, then, whatever the Admiralty may have done, they had no need to go to the French navy for an idea which five years ago was offered them by an English inventor. Too often have Englishmen to complain of cavalier treatment from this department of the public service. But this case is particularly gross. Mr. Prideaux not only gets no advantage from his invention, but that which was his without favour of the Admiralty—the honour of making it—is taken from him and presented to the French navy. This is too bad.

"PRIVATE INQUIRIES."

THAT retired detectives had set up offices of "Private Inquiries," and were turning the skill they have acquired in hunting down criminals to destroy the peace of families, we knew; but we were not aware that the police acting in the public service were guilty of following this pernicious example. It would appear, however, that such is the fact. In his report to the Home Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cartwright, the Queen's Inspector of Constabulary for the midland districts of England and for North Wales, says that, in the course of his inspection last year, he discovered it to be a common practice in many counties for individuals and companies to communicate with the police, and seek from them private information as to the character, respectability, and means of persons residing in their districts, offering remuneration for their service. It is evident that such a practice cannot exist without perilling the efficiency of the force and making it excessively unpopular. But this is the least part of the evil. Nothing is more offensive to an Englishman than the character and trade of a spy; nothing more abhorrent than the feeling that he dogs our steps and notes down our actions. No slavery is more oppressive; and that the police should be its agents is simply intolerable.

"DRUNK AND INCAPABLE."

WE cannot expect the police to add a knowledge of medicine to the qualifications they may be supposed to possess, but we may be allowed to suggest that it would be well if they would give up the practice of setting down every one whom they see stagger, or reel, or fall, or insensible, as "drunk and incapable." They are by far too much given to this precipitancy of judgment, and often make scandalous mistakes. On Sunday last, for instance, Colonel Henry Brown, an officer who had for many years been in the service of the late East India Company, was riding on the roof of an omnibus. Suddenly he was observed to fall back. He was no sooner assisted down than two policemen took him off to the nearest station-house and charged him with being "drunk and incapable." The unfortunate gentleman protested that he was ill, and when the divisional surgeon was sent for he said he was ill

and recommended that he should be taken home. This was done, and shortly afterwards Colonel Brown died of apoplexy.

Would it not be well if the police were mustered occasionally and lectured by the divisional surgeon on the possibility of a man staggering or reeling, or falling back or down, without being necessarily "drunk and incapable?"

CRINOLINE.

THE enemies of crinoline have been in hope that fashion would not long resist the terror occasioned by successive deaths by fire, and that the days of crinoline were numbered. There appears, however, no present likelihood of this. The rage for full-blown garments, if we may trust the advertising columns of the press, is on the increase. One of these announces the "Gemma or jewelled" crinoline; the "Sansflectums;" the "Oudina or waved;" "Sansflectums jewelled;" and crinolines "magnificently puffed." Puffed! and magnificently! We should like to see this garment.

THE selection of Stangate and the new ground to be gained by the Thames southern embankment as a site for the new St. Thomas's Hospital, was before Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood on Saturday, for the purpose of having his decision on the claim of the Corporation of London that by ancient charter they had the control over the hospital, and that the site selected was unhealthy. The Vice-Chancellor held that the rights of the City were, so far as the selection of site was concerned, set aside by the terms of the Act of Parliament authorizing the sale of the old hospital; and that no such presumption of unhealthiness in the site had been made out as to warrant the interference of the Court on that score.

THE *Post* says:—"We notice that the foreign press persist in calling the infant son of the Prince of Wales the Duke of Cornwall. This is an utter mistake. His Royal Highness's father, the Prince, sits in the House of Lords as Duke of Cornwall, the Princedom of Wales being in no shape a Parliamentary title. The infant Prince, after his christening, will be called by his Christian name, with the prefix of Prince, until it may please the Crown to confer a peerage upon him."

THE Pope has given an official denial in the *Giornale di Roma* to the statement of the Milan papers, that King Victor Emmanuel is on excellent terms with him, and continues to keep up a friendly correspondence with him. The denial states that his Holiness entertains no relations whatever with the Italian King.

THE marriage of the Count de Paris with the eldest daughter of the Duke de Montpensier will take place early in May, at Claremont.

A WOMAN named Norman, sixty-three years of age, was found dead in her lodgings in Shoreditch last week. She could do no work, and was only allowed 1s. a week and a loaf from the parish, and 8d. a week from her sister. Out of this she had to pay 8d. a week for a portion of the room in which she died. She was very reserved, and no one ever saw her take any food except breakfast.

DR. LANKESTER has ascertained that in the course of three years as many females have lost their lives by fire in the metropolis as were sacrificed from the same cause at Santiago (chiefly through the use of crinoline)—over 2,500.

It is said that the *Great Eastern* is about to be employed in laying the Atlantic cable, and at such a price as shall bring some profit to the shareholders, and enable them to fit up the great ship again for another voyage.

THE CHURCH.

THE OXFORD DECLARATION.

ON the first appearance of the late Judgment of the Privy Council, we stated our hope that one of its effects would be to lead all Churchmen to feel the increased necessity of making common cause in defence of the truth. We were not, however, prepared for so strong and immediate a concurrence in this necessity, and for such a practical determination to bring it about, as has been evidenced in the short interval since the Lord Chancellor read the decision of the 8th of February.

So soon as the 17th, Dr. Pusey took a step, which he would not, we are sure, have adopted, without previous consultation with the other leaders of the High Church party. It was the very significant one of addressing a letter to the *Record*, openly asking for united action with the Evangelical party, of which, rightly or wrongly, that journal is regarded as the organ. His letter contained, perhaps, some expressions with which we do not altogether agree, but most of its arguments were weighty and well developed. We shall recur to some of them. For the present we quote his opening sentence and his practical proposition. He begins, "I have long anticipated the coming of a time when the pressure of the common enemy of unbelief would draw closer into one band all who love our Lord as their Redeemer and their God, and the Bible as being indeed the very Word of God." What he proposes is some united action on the part of every clergyman and lay member of the Church to repudiate "the Judgment." The particular way in which this should be done he leaves to other and farther consideration.

Such was the overture of the High Church party. We must next notice how it has been received by their Evangelical brethren. On February 19th, the *Record* published Dr. Pusey's letter, introducing it thus to the notice of its readers:—"We believe that something must be done in order to prevent its being said that

the Church acquiesces in a conclusion so adverse to the very foundations of Christianity" (i.e., so adverse as the late Judgment). "On this subject we have to-day inserted Dr. Pusey's admirable and faithful letter."

That Dr. Pusey should have written in such a strain to the *Record*, and that the *Record* should so have responded to Dr. Pusey, within eight days after the delivery of the Privy Council's Judgment, are, we think, tolerably suggestive facts. But those which we proceed to mention are even more remarkable. The same number of the *Record* contained the following announcement:—"We understand that Lord Shaftesbury, in reply to repeated solicitations from the leaders of the Church Institution, has expressed his willingness to be present on the 26th of April at the meeting which is to be held at St. James's Hall. We are informed that his lordship intimated that, in finally accepting the invitation of gentlemen with whom on some points he greatly differed, he was influenced by the present threatening aspect of affairs and the dangers which assailed the very foundations of the faith." Nor is this all. The editorial paragraph in which the *Record* mentioned Dr. Pusey's letter, proceeded thus:—"We hope in our next to insert another from an eminent lay member of the Church calling for some united action in defence of the faith so rudely and unexpectedly assaulted, not merely by lay judges, but by a prelate of distinguished position." Accordingly in their issue of February 22, the *Record* published a letter from Mr. Baxter. After their previous announcement, we can but conclude that the conductors of the *Record* identify themselves with the views of their correspondent, and if so the fact is certainly very noticeable as relating to a journal which has hitherto uniformly and strenuously opposed the revival of Convocation. The writer says:—

"Nothing seems open to us but a petition to the Queen, signed by a great body of clergy and laity, representing the deep sense entertained by the Church that to deny the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, the eternity of punishment, and that Christ 'was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him,' is to overthrow the foundations of the Christian faith; and beseeching her Majesty not to favour the promotion of those who entertain these views; and further praying that the Convocation, or General Assembly of the Church of England, may be made a reality—the clergy associated with the laity; and that judgment on matters of doctrine be remitted from the civil jurisdiction to the Convocation, with whom it shall rest to pronounce on the fitness or unfitness of a clergyman for the discharge of his functions."

Without asserting that either the *Record* or their correspondent, or even Lord Shaftesbury, is authorized to speak on behalf of the Evangelical party in the Church, it cannot be doubted that we have in the above extracts no slight indication of the favourable spirit in which the proposals of Dr. Pusey and his friends are likely to be met. And, indeed, important initiatory steps towards united practical action have already been taken. A meeting of members of Convocation was held last week in the Music-room at Oxford, at which a committee was appointed to "draw up a declaration on the subject of the Judgment." The committee was so constituted as not unfairly to represent the two great parties in the Church to which we have referred; and on Monday last, it issued a form of declaration to which it invites the signature of all the clergy of the Church. The declaration runs thus: "We, the undersigned presbyters and deacons in Holy Orders of the Church of England and Ireland, hold it to be our bounden duty to the Church and to the souls of men, to declare that the Church of England and Ireland, in common with the whole Catholic Church, maintains, without reserve or qualification, the plenary inspiration and authority of the whole Canonical Scriptures as the Word of God; and further teaches, in the words of our blessed Lord, that the punishment of the cursed, as the life of the righteous, lasts for ever." We should ourselves have preferred that the signatures of laymen as well as of clergymen should have been invited to this declaration; but probably weighty reasons to the contrary may have presented themselves to the minds of the members of the committee. And, indeed, we readily admit that the soundness in the faith of the authorized teachers of the Church is what most needs to be vindicated. The declaration itself meets our entire approbation. Many, perhaps, would have wished its terms to have been stronger, to have referred more distinctly to the late Judgment, and to have more expressly condemned the errors which have called it forth. And some, too, might have desired that it should have pledged its subscribers to some definite action. But when it is remembered that the whole value of the declaration will consist in the generality of its acceptance, we think it will be perceived that the committee have exercised a wise discretion in avoiding anything which might deter any from joining in the movement through some trivial peculiarity of feeling, and especially anything which might have the least appearance of an organized opposition to judicial authority. We shall watch with much interest the reception which is given to this document by the great body of the clergy. And in the meanwhile we proceed to express our own opinion as to the tone of speaking and cause of action by which we believe both clergy and laity may best promote the true interests of the Church, and of the cause of truth at the present juncture. In the first place we earnestly deprecate any exaggeration of the legal meaning of the late Judgment. A blind zeal is generally a mistaken zeal, and there can be no greater mistake than to make the late decision a greater triumph to the sceptical school, and a heavier blow to the purity of the Church, than of itself it really is. We think that Mr. Baxter has fallen into this error, when he appears to consider

that the denial of the doctrine that "Christ was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," has been sanctioned by the Privy Council. Such is not the case. All that the Judgment affirmed was that Dr. Williams had not by express words or necessary implication denied that doctrine. On the contrary, the Judges expressly declared that it is not open to a clergyman to deny the doctrine of "justification by faith."

We think, also, that on another question, and from another stand-point, a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* has fallen into a similar error, in maintaining that the late Judgment is "the Magna Charta of honest inquiry in the Church" to the extent of leaving the question of inspiration quite an open one, and every clergyman at liberty to inquire concerning every part of the Bible, "into not merely the truth of it, but the morality of any part which to them may appear doubtful." The writer has only arrived at this conclusion by professing to quote the "material part" of the Judgment, but at the same time leaving out one very important paragraph, concerning which we entirely adopt Dr. Pusey's argument, that the Court does seem to have virtually decided "that every part of Holy Scripture which is connected with religious faith and moral duty is inspired." We believe that, even according to the late Judgment, every clergyman is legally bound not to teach anything contrary to this proposition; and further, that he may not deny the Bible to be God's word, or the rule of faith. Suppose, *e. g.*, that a clergyman were to assert such a proposition as this concerning some matter of faith or morals: "This indeed is read in the Bible, or may be proved thereby, but nevertheless it is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." We do not imagine that in such case he who so said would be able to plead the judgment of the Privy Council in bar of legal censure.

We insist the rather on this, because of the pains which the writer of the article to which we have just referred has taken to weaken the force of that general consent of the press, which he does not deny, and which must have been patent to all, in the view of the late Judgment as being a bare acquittal of the defendants, and still leaving the moral victory with the prosecutors. We do not think it necessary to answer that article farther than to say that the only reason which the writer is able to assign for a view which has been arrived at independently by the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, the *Guardian* and the *Record*, ourselves, and many other journals of the highest character, is, "It is the natural language of those who are orthodox from idleness, or who affect orthodoxy because they are hopelessly sceptical." A case must be very bad indeed which is driven to such shifts of argument for a support.

But, whilst we thus deprecate exaggeration of the effects of the decision of the Privy Council, we would not, on the other hand, that they should be in any way underrated. It is no good defence to despise a danger. And, even legally, the late Judgment has opened the door to a very wide, though not, we maintain, to an unlimited, criticism of Holy Scripture in a sceptical sense; and, moreover, it unquestionably does allow that a clergyman may in his public teaching explain away the meaning of the most plain and solemn words concerning the future punishment of the wicked. And, no doubt, the moral effects of the Judgment are likely to be much greater even than its legal force. We imagine that the minds of many plain men will be sadly perplexed, who will not be able to understand how certain opinions are at once not the doctrines of the Church, and yet not legally censurable when expressed by its ministers. It will probably be very difficult to make many comprehend that the Church does not teach what it fails to condemn; and, consequently, many will be scandalized by the thought that the Church (as they suppose) does not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, or the eternity of future punishment.

We therefore hail with satisfaction the issue of a declaration such as all orthodox Churchmen can unite in. We trust that it will be so generally signed by the clergy, and some counterpart of it by the laity, as to show that the opinions against which it is aimed, although they have escaped legal condemnation, are yet only held by a very small minority of the clergy and laity, and repudiated by such an overwhelming majority as, in the present absence of full synodical action, may fairly be regarded as speaking the voice of the Church. Nor is it only for the sake of the outside public (if, indeed, any part of the people can be properly so called with respect to the Church) that we see advantages in such a declaration. We also think it will be very beneficial in forcing men to declare themselves and take a side in the present controversy, to sink minor differences, and unite with all who agree with them in essential truths. We do not deny that there are many men now ranked with the *soi-disant* "liberals" in theology who, after all, are real believers in a Revelation from God and in Christianity, and who will in due time dissociate themselves from their more advanced allies; but we believe that the conviction is growing, because true, that there is no logical standing ground between faith and atheism, and that the question between the Church and the Latitudinarians is fast narrowing itself into one, not of criticism of particular parts of Revelation, but of the distinct issue: "Is there any Revelation from God or no?" not of whether the Scriptures do teach the eternity of future punishment, but of whether or no God is a moral governor at all. We believe that all who are Christians, in any just sense of the word, must be content to throw away those prejudices and walls of separation which keep them apart, and to unite as one man in defence of the one faith of the Church. Few, we believe, will doubt the

necessity of this who are aware of the tone of scoffing irreverence which the organs and friends of the new movement are continually more and more assuming.

With reference, however, to this matter we would venture to remind the leaders of all parties in the Church, that however desirable united action may be, and united repudiation of the late Judgment, yet that their real victory must be won not by assertion only of what the faith of the Church is, but rather by proof of the correctness of that faith. The best action which can flow from a union of the pious and learned of the two great Church parties will be that they should organize means by which every assault upon the truth of the Bible which issues from the press shall be immediately and satisfactorily answered, and should arrange that contributions shall be continually sent to our daily and weekly papers, and to our weekly and monthly and quarterly journals, in which the cause of truth shall be maintained in a candid spirit and in a popular style. We say advisedly, "the cause of truth shall be maintained." For really the question which now lies at the root of the controversy between the orthodox and the liberal schools is, whether, in the main, truth in religion has been long since discovered and has now only to be maintained, or whether it has still to be searched out *de novo*. We believe that God has made a revelation to man which contains the whole range of religious truth. We hope and are sure that the Church will advance in a right understanding of that revelation under the guidance of the Spirit who inspired it, but we do not believe that its teaching on any great and fundamental questions has yet to be discovered, or that the human mind will arrive at any real religious truths which are not contained in it. We believe the good old creeds to be true expressions of the truth; and because we love the truth we therefore maintain them. Our opponents, on the other hand, do not seem able to comprehend that any one can really believe that there is any truth in religion at all, unless he also believes that truth has still to be "discovered" "in the same way as truth on other subjects, viz., by free and patient inquiry." We not only do not deny, but we strongly assert, that free and patient inquiry is necessary in religious questions. We believe that there are many points in which there is a wide and fruitful field for its exercise. But we cannot consent to enter upon it, ignoring as worthless all the conclusions of the Church in all ages before our own; nor can we admit that the truth of the Bible and of the Church's doctrines may be honestly considered open questions by any one who is the sworn minister of the Church to teach as her representative, and who was only admitted to his office on the faith of the assurance that he did "unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament," and of the promise that he would "diligently read" the same to the people, "frame" his own life according to them, and "drive away all strange doctrine contrary" to them. We cannot on this point accept the dictum, by whatever high authority supported, that "the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation." There is no part of the relations of society in which moral obligation does not go beyond what can be legally enforced; and there is no position in which the man will not be scouted by all honourable minds who only keeps his promises so far as he can be made to do so by law. The ministry of the Church in England is no exception to these plain truths, and we are persuaded that the strong common sense of the great mass of the laity will never allow that they who wish to make it an exception should do so with impunity.

With these remarks we leave this subject for the present. Our readers will not have failed to observe that Mr. Baxter proposes an agitation for the reform of the present Court of ultimate appeal in ecclesiastical questions, and for the revival of some of the dormant powers of Convocation, and we may mention that propositions of a somewhat similar kind have been made by Mr. Keble in a letter to the *Church Review*, by the *Guardian*, the *Church and State Gazette*, and other journals. We are not insensible to the grave importance of these suggestions, but it is their very importance which makes us reserve them for separate discussion at some future time.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S MEETING.

WHETHER regarded in itself or in its object, the meeting held on Thursday afternoon, at Willis's Rooms, was one of very considerable importance. Without undertaking to adjudicate where such high authorities as Archdeacon Hale and Dr. Irons differ, as to whether it constituted a Diocesan Synod or no, we are content to accept the Bishop of London's assertion that such a meeting of the clergy called by the Bishop for conference with him, is unprecedented in the annals of the metropolitan diocese; and his promise that, although the first, it shall not be the last of its series. In the present state of clerical feeling, it was, perhaps, a bold step on the part of the Bishop to invite every clergyman in his diocese to attend a meeting at which all were not only permitted but earnestly invited to offer their suggestions. But the result amply justified the confidence thus reposed in the good sense and good feeling of the clergy. About 400 obeyed the summons, and whilst men of all parties in the Church took part in the proceedings, and of course some differences of opinion were elicited, there was not, we think, one word spoken which the best friends of the Church could have wished unsaid on such an occasion. But, indeed, the occasion was one on which he must have been an excessively wrong-headed partisan who could have obtruded any peculiar view of his own, so as to disturb the harmony of the meeting, or hinder the union of all in the great work to which the Bishop so solemnly and

eloquently called them. His Lordship rightly said that the meeting was one entailing the deepest and most sacred responsibility on himself in particular, but also on all present. It was one composed of the men who are legally responsible for the cure of souls of the population of the greatest city in the world, to take into consideration the appalling fact, that in the centre of the Christian life of the world there not only exists, but is increasing year by year, a moral wilderness, which, if not remedied, must exercise the most terrible influence ere long, not only on the religion but also on the political condition of mankind.

We are not prepared, perhaps, to endorse all the statistics of the spiritual wants of London which appear in the very able and exhaustive Report which was submitted to the meeting. We think that some alleviating considerations have been omitted from the detail. But, taking the estimate of the Executive Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, we find that out of the 494 parishes in the diocese only 283 have such adequate provision for their spiritual wants as is represented by one clergyman for every 2,000 people, and church accommodation for one-fourth of the inhabitants. In 11 parishes there is only one clergyman to 8,000 souls and upwards, and in 65 others only one to more than 4,000 persons. In 58 parishes there is only church accommodation for 10 persons in every 100; in 69 far less than 16 per cent. On the whole, it is proved by the most carefully collected returns that—

"Adopting the standards of one clergyman to every 2,000 people, and of church accommodation for 1 in 4 of the population, it appears that 500 additional clergy and 250,000 sittings would be needed in order to bring the diocese up to the desired standard of efficiency. It is further estimated that additional lay agents, male or female, to the number of 600, would be necessary to complete the equipment of these populous parishes; that nearly 100 parsonages must be built or purchased in order that each incumbent in these parishes may have a residence provided for him; and, lastly, that a very considerable increase of school accommodation, probably for 100,000, is yet required to provide instruction for the children of the poor."

Such are the necessities with which it is the object of the Bishop of London's Fund to grapple. It does not merely seek to do what has often been attempted before—to meet the spiritual wants of the yearly increase of the population as they arise, but it boldly asks the Christian public to supply during the next ten years the means of overtaking the vast arrears of spiritual destitution which the neglect of past generations has allowed to accrue. Is this a Quixotic and hopeless undertaking? We believe not. It would be so certainly if it was proposed to do all the needed work immediately and directly. If money could be found, the more important want of living agents could not be supplied at present. But when we consider that what is anticipated is that the work should extend over a period of ten years, and that much is hoped for from the indirect action of a great public movement in exciting private exertion and beneficence, we believe that it is only a generous but well-grounded confidence in the Christian philanthropy of our countrymen, when rightly appealed to, that we should expect at least half of what is needed to be done in the decennial period for which the fund is at present proposed, and that when it has passed away such an impetus will have been given to systematic exertion in the Church, as will leave little fear concerning still greater progress in the future. The Bishop's calculation seems to us to be a reasonable one. He says that to effect all which the Report states to be needed would require an expenditure of £5,800,000; that taking the half of this in round numbers at three millions of money, the contributions of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to London in the year ending October, 1863, were equivalent to a capital sum of £120,000; and that as they are not likely to decrease they may fairly be calculated as providing at least one out of the three millions of money needed in the next ten years. Seeing that he has already more than £90,000 promised for his fund, which has not yet been in existence a year, it is not unreasonable to expect that it may add at least £100,000 per annum more—that is to say, the second of the three needed millions. And we think that his lordship is not much too sanguine in believing, on the strength of past experience, that whatever his public fund may raise, private exertions independent of it will again produce as much more. Thus, then, we may entertain a fair hope of overtaking, in the next decade, at least half of the spiritual wants of our great city. And surely, when we look at our enormous wealth, at our immense expenditure in mere articles of luxury, and at the ease with which millions upon millions are raised for any speculative scheme, it is not too much to expect that not £200,000, but some much larger sum, may ere long be the pecuniary expression of the sympathy of the wealthy with the spiritual wants of their poorer neighbours. Our limits will not allow that we should comment upon several very interesting questions which arose on the Report read on Thursday, and in the discussion to which it gave rise; but we cannot forbear mentioning with our warmest sympathy the expectation which the Bishop of London was able to hold out of a distinct and regulated recognition, at no distant period, on the part of the Church, not only of paid lay agents, but, what is much more important, of unpaid lay workers, and of them such as can give only a part, as well as those who can devote the whole of their time to the work of the Church.

CHURCH REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Will you allow me to address a few words to you in reference to two articles in your number of February 20,—a review of Lord

Robert Montagu's work, and that headed "De Excommunicato Capiendo." The former is in my opinion interesting, and in the main correct; but it has one most serious defect, namely, that without expressly saying so, it would leave the reader to suppose that the Church of England, as it now stands, is perfect, and, therefore, incapable of further improvement and comprehension. The whole of the reviewer's argument goes to show that a Church Establishment is a valuable thing, and that men, do what you will, will think very differently. How, then, with free institutions which are so justly extolled, could an Established Church remain national, or ever remain at all, if, like ours, it is for ever to be restricted to its old and now very tight-fitting garments of the Jacoban and Caroline cut? If its own inherent Anglo-Norman vitality had not burst through them hither and thither, it would have died long before now. But that the wretched effects of the system are still but too rife, is displayed in a most unmistakable manner by the recent report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, which has been so justly and humorously criticised in the other article, "De Excommunicato Capiendo," a title which a noble and learned personage hinted to me the other day, would shortly be altered by changing the last word to "Comburendo."

It is unfortunately too much the fashion with those holding the no surrender views to dub all who propose any change whatever as persons desirous of doing away with all dogmatic teaching and as careless of the Catholic faith. This kind of hard assertion does not, of course, weigh much with thinking men, except, perhaps, to induce a belief that the party having recourse to such a mode of attack is incapable of meeting the proposal of their antagonists candidly, or, as Mr. Bligh, in his recent letter to the Primate, has said, that the citadel will not hold out much longer. But candid-thinking men are, it is to be feared, in a lamentable minority, and the do-nothings are not so worldly unwise in supposing that these sweeping imputations do create a prejudice against the Reformers. The truth is, there is not a single Reformer who commands the slightest confidence amongst what, for want of a better name, I will call the religious public, who is liable to any such charge.

What such men ask for is not unknown; it has been put forth in publications without end, is to be found in the summaries of various Revision Societies, notably that which has its head-quarters in London. What we maintain is, that the Catholic faith, that which, *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, has been acknowledged, should not be mixed up with man's devices, and that where Scripture is silent or open to fair doubt, these latter should not be imposed as a *sine quâ non* by a national Church as its terms of communion. We think that, without in the least derogating from the true standard of the Church Catholic and Apostolic, a good deal might be altered and amended in our system; and that we of the Church of England, if we impose one single practice beyond what is absolutely required, must in so far be held responsible for that schism, which is now in full swing, which Lord Robert Montagu deplures, and of which a man who does not see and feel the injury it does to our common Christianity, is, if I may venture to say so, quite incapacitated from taking a useful part in these discussions. I am sure you have too much candour to impute Latitudinarianism to those holding the opinions to which I have here given utterance. I should not have written to you at all had not this kind of tone seemed to me to pervade the interesting criticism to which I have already alluded; not to mention another in your publication of the 27th, the "Story of the Feathers' Petition;" but I have an additional reason. I hold very much to the prosperity of the LONDON REVIEW. Although I cannot say it is perfect, there is a gentlemanlike, Christian, healthy tone about it, which I miss in so much that I read in the public journals, and I regret to say meet with but rarely where I should most hope to find it. I have already trespassed upon your attention at so much length that I must finish, otherwise I am sure I could convince you and your readers that this question lies at the root of all those social difficulties with which we are now so sorely beset, and which will continue with but little abatement until it is successfully disposed of.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

A TRUE CONSERVATIVE OF OUR NATIONAL CHURCH.

SCIENCE.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Professor Ramsay, the retiring president, in his anniversary address, discussed the Breaks in the Succession of the British Mesozoic Strata, thus endeavouring to discover how far and in what manner the same kind of reasoning as that employed in his last address is applicable to the Secondary formations. First, however, he examined the numerical relations which different classes of animals bore to one another in Palaeozoic times, comparing them with their development in secondary epochs. The general conclusion arrived at was that a long interval of time, often unrepresented by strata, is an invariable accompaniment of a break in the succession of species; and the more special inference was that, in cases of superposition, in proportion as the species are more or less continuous, that is to say, as the break in life is partial or complete, first in the species, but more importantly in the loss of old and the appearance of new genera, so was the interval of time shorter or longer that elapsed between the close of the lower and the commencement of the upper formation.

DEATH FROM THE USE OF COKE.—The effects of charcoal are too well known for accidents to occur in these days. But the injurious generation of carbonic acid or carbonic oxide by coke is not so familiar. John Hunt, a young man of nineteen, a servant in the employ of Major Garrard, at Bideford, went to bed in good health. He slept in a room over the stables, which had no chimney or other means of ventilation except a window and door, both of which he shut and fastened. He had a crock filled with lighted coke in the centre of the room to warm himself, and, though cautioned that he had better put it outside the door, did not do so. In the morning he did not rise at the usual hour, and was found dead in his bed.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.—The Exhibition Commissioners of 1851 have decided on completing at once the interior of the Upper Arcades of the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington. The arcades will be glazed, so as to make a larger space available for the fruit and flower shows than is at present attainable in the Conservatory.

THE SALMON AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS is still swimming about in the same pond near the antelope house, with its less lively companion, the sturgeon. It does not, however, appear to be in high condition, and if it survives, more credit will be due to its keepers than to Mr. Buckland for conveying it to its present limited domains.

SCOTTISH REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.—The births, deaths, and marriages are all above the average in 1863. The births at the rate of 3.53 per cent. of the estimated population, the deaths at 2.30 per cent. A high death-rate is always attended with a high birth-rate, as if an additional number of children were born to compensate for the extra losses by death. In the town districts the death-rate was 2.72 per cent., and the birth-rate 3.83; in the rural districts the death-rate was 1.83 per cent., and the birth-rate 3.18.

SANITARY CONDITION OF LIVERPOOL.—Notwithstanding the great improvements which have taken place in Liverpool in widening lines of thoroughfare and constructing larger buildings, about one-fifth of the population are still housed in wretched and ill-ventilated courts and alleys. The Corporation are about to apply to Parliament for powers to open up or abolish these courts, as the rate of mortality is greatly increasing.

NEW SOUTHWARK STREET.—The foot pavement of the new street has been completed. Since its opening both passenger and carriage traffic from the south-east to the south-west has been very great, proving the new route to be a great success and a public convenience. The great bulk of the traffic from the London-bridge railways, South-Western, and London, Chatham, and Dover, flowing east and west and *vice versa*, take this direction.

EGYPTIAN COTTON.—The main canal of irrigation from Sient to Gizeh, which is to convert Upper Egypt into a cotton-growing country, has been vigorously attacked throughout its length, each district working upon its own section; next year the full depth will be excavated, and the lateral branches dug. The quantity of cotton which will be grown it is thought will equal that now produced by Lower Egypt.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE fifty-second season of the Philharmonic Society commenced on Monday, and the date happening to coincide with that of the anniversary of Rossini's birth, the concert was announced as "in honour of the illustrious musician." The following programme, excellent as it is in many respects, would seem, however, not to have been originally designed for any such commemoration; but rather to have been, at the last moment, partially adapted to the occasion:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, MS. (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Concerts)	Cherubini.
Aria, "Riedi al Soglio," Madame Parepa (Zelmira)	Rossini.
Concerto in D minor, Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard	Mozart.
Aria, "Cujus animam," Mr. Wilbye Cooper (Stabat Mater)	Rossini.
Overture, "Semiramide"	Rossini.

PART II.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2	Beethoven.
Aria, Madame Parepa, "Di Piacere" (La Gazza Ladra) ..	Rossini.
Fantasia on Don Giovanni, Oboe, Mr. W. Crozier	Griegel.
Duet, Madame Parepa and Mr. Wilbye Cooper (Guglielmo Tell)	Rossini.
Overture, "The Siege of Corinth"	Rossini.

Conductor: Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.

Rossini, it is true, is not known as a symphonist, nor, apart from his operatic overtures, can he be considered as an instrumental composer; therefore, any selection from his works must either be deficient in a grand orchestral symphony, or must include a specimen by another master. So far, then, the present programme is free from objection with reference to the two symphonies, and equally so as to the pianoforte concerto, especially as these were all masterpieces of their kind; but the vocal illustrations, in which field there is such large scope for selection and variety, cannot be considered as at all representative of the composer. In the first place, it by no means illustrates the strong contrast between the exuberant and captivating gaiety of his lighter comic operas, and that deep and earnest sentiment and romantic colouring which characterize his last and greatest lyric work, the "Tell." Moreover, the vocal pieces chosen being limited to three airs and one duet, afforded no indication of that masterly power of combination and variety of dramatic expression to be found in the concerted introductions and finales of some of his operas, "Il Barbiere," "La Gazza Ladra," "Mosé," and "Tell," among others. Even of the overtures selected, one (the "Siege of Corinth") would have been better replaced by that to "Tell," the most brilliant and elaborate of all his orchestral preludes. Thus much of protest is provoked by the special announcement of a purpose which should either have been more fully carried out or left unattempted. As it is, it would appear as if the coincidence of the date of the concert with that of the occasion referred to, was merely accidental, and the assumed purpose a mere after-thought. In other respects the concert was an excellent one.

Cherubini's symphony, composed expressly for the society, but only honoured with two performances since its production nearly forty years since, is a noble work by a noble artist whom no pressure of surrounding circumstances could ever induce to lose sight of his self-respect and the dignity of his calling. It is impossible to avoid contrasting and comparing the two great Italian composers brought into such close juxtaposition at this concert. Born some two-and-thirty years before Rossini, Cherubini underwent the most earnest and laborious training in the study of the works of the greatest church writers—a preparation as necessary in music as is a knowledge of the classics in literature towards the acquirement of a pure and dignified style. For such a training Rossini was too impatient, too volatile in his love of ease and mere temporary success; and the result is that (always excepting "Il Barbiere" and "Tell"), of the multitude of operas which he threw off with such careless facility, but a small proportion possess any elements of vitality either for the stage or the library. Cherubini, on the other hand, with less natural genius, has left a large number of works, nearly all of which are models of pure style and classical art, that will long remain the admiration of critics and students. It may appear singular that Cherubini should not have worked out a career as a symphonist, possessing, as he did, so many qualifications for success in that form. Few composers have surpassed him in the learning and science of his art, in grandeur of design, variety of detail and clearness in arrangement, or masterly handling of the orchestra—all which qualities are so admirably displayed in his many dramatic overtures, that he might reasonably have been expected to contribute largely to the stock of classical symphonies. There appears, however, to be but the one now referred to, the many beauties of which are sufficient to cause regret at the limitation. It is impossible to deny, however, that Cherubini's scholarly elaboration sometimes outlasts the interest of the subjects on which he works; and hence an occasional dryness and effect of persistent labour that tend to weariness in spite of the admirable and consummate art invariably displayed. This is frequently felt in the longer concerted pieces of his operas (less in "Les deux Journées" than in any other), and would possibly have hindered him from ever attaining a rank as a symphonist equal to that of the greatest masters of the art. The occasional want of that impulse and passion which are almost as requisite in instrumental as in dramatic music, is less felt in Cherubini's religious music, on which doubtless will rest his chief fame. Here the noble dignity, masterly science, and chastened and subdued fervour; with the reflection of antique severity modified by modern forms of expression and brightened by the rich colouring of orchestral effects, form a combination such as is scarcely found in the church music of any other composer. The symphony of Cherubini contains most of his characteristics, and its repetition at the Philharmonic Concert was a feature of very great interest. It may be interesting to amateurs to know that, although the symphony remains in manuscript, three of the movements were afterwards remodelled by the composer in one of his violin quartets (that in C), which is also to be had arranged as a pianoforte duet (published by Kistner, of Leipzig). So that they who have not heard the orchestral symphony may still make partial acquaintance with it in its altered shape. Next in interest to Cherubini's symphony was the concerto of Mozart, brilliantly played by Madame Goddard, with commendable adherence to the composer's original text, and equally judicious adoption of the cadenzas of Hummel, the pupil and disciple of Mozart, whose style he so admirably reflected. The only exception that could be taken to Madame Goddard's performance would be the excessive speed at which she played the last movement, commencing it "Presto" instead of, as marked, "Allegro assai;" and winding up at a rate far beyond the composer's intention. There is always a tendency on the part of great executants who have mastered all mechanical difficulties to let their fingers outrun the bounds of discretion, and to forget that, at the close of the last century, "Allegro" and its relative terms meant a much more moderate movement than is now signified by the same indications. This we know in various ways, among others by the positive testimony of Mr. Attwood, a pupil of Mozart, who once stopped the orchestra as they were beginning to scamper through the first bars of the fugued allegro of the overture to "Zauberflöte," exclaiming that such might be the performers' notion of the time, but that Mozart himself (tolerably good authority) intended it to be played at a pace many degrees slower. With this exception, Madame Goddard's performance was one of high merit. Nothing can surpass the power, certainty, and distinctness of her execution; and all that is left to wish for is that, in regulating the speed of her performance, she would consider the period of the work which she interprets. The remainder of the concert calls for no special notice. The orchestral performances were generally good, the band seeming to have still further improved in precision and unity. The vocal music was also unexceptionable otherwise (as already said) than as being at all representative of its composer. Classical solos for the oboe are not plentiful, and therefore Mr. Crozier's fantasia was sufficient for its purpose—that of displaying the ability of a very skilful performer. At the second concert, on March 14, the instrumental music is to include Mozart's symphony in D, Beethoven's No. 8 in F, Spontini's overture, "Fernando Cortez," a violin concerto by M. Vieuxtemps, and a pianoforte concerto by Professor Bennett, played by Mr. Harold Thomas.

The National Choral Society gave its last performance this season of "Elijah" on Wednesday, when the list of singers in-

cluded the names of Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Madame Rudersdorff, and Miss Emma Heywood. This society, by the energy and perseverance of its conductor, Mr. Martin, has now gained a permanent place among our musical institutions, and it is to be hoped it will soon earn some special reputation by the production of works a little out of the beaten track. The "Messiah" is announced for March 21, while the Sacred Harmonic Society promises "Judas Maccabæus" on March 11.

Mendelssohn's quintet in A was one of the chief features at the last Monday Popular Concert, and the same composer's Ottett is to be performed on Monday next.

The Crystal Palace Concerts maintain their special interest by the occasional performance of works which appear to be systematically excluded from all other programmes. Thus the selection for to-day's concert includes Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, performed by Madlle. Marie Wieck, who, from her relationship to the composer, should be peculiarly qualified to interpret his music. The concerto, in spite of some defects, contains many passages of great beauty, and is strongly impressed with the characteristics of Schumann's peculiar genius.

THE SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATION BUST.—The memorial bust of our great dramatic author which Messrs. Howell & James received permission to produce under the sanction of the Shakespeare Festival Committee, is now before the public, in ceramic carrara, terra-cotta, white and red, and in bronze; and well-deserving of the patronage given this spirited firm has proved. The original model is 15 inches in height, and the terra-cotta copies are of exactly the same size, and most faithful copies. Those in that exquisite material known as ceramic carrara are less—12 inches only in height—and have been executed by the Wedgwoods. They are marvels of success. It is not generally known how much this fine porcelain ware shrinks in the baking and hardening, and few who see these marble-like statuettes beside their larger terra-cotta companions would think that both had been cast in moulds of the same dimensions.

CANTOE LECTURES.—Mr. Burges has devoted his first lecture at the Society of Arts, "On the Fine Arts applied to Industry," to show that the only way of exercising an influence on the progress of art was the application of it to objects made in great quantities for every-day use; and for this purpose a legitimate application of mechanical means was necessary, as one great mission of machinery was the reduction of the cost from pounds to shillings and shillings to pence. English manufacturers were complimented on their attainments during the past few years; but the lecturer considered the principal impediments to the future of our national art to be the absence of a distinctive architecture, and the want of colour in our costume. He urged the incorporation of the mediæval department of the British Museum with the Kensington collection, and their subsequent removal to some central spot, such as Charing-cross. Above all, he thought it desirable to rear a race of designers and artisans as well versed in the drawing of the human figure as those of the sixteenth century. His second lecture was on Glass. The old Greeks and Romans, he stated, made vases in great quantities decorated with filagree work, gilding, stamping, and every process usually considered the peculiar invention of the Venetians. The manufactures of the last, now so rare and valuable, dating from the 15th century, were next described. Other sorts of ancient and mediæval glass were noticed, illustrated by specimens lent by Mr. Webb. The modern glassware was well represented by excellent examples by the Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars. The application of glass to stained windows was discussed. The lecturer first defined the various methods in which the mediæval workmen arranged their subjects such as medallions, figure, and grisaille windows. Glass mosaic and its modern revival was also touched upon.

THE Art-Journal for this month contains plates of Frith's charming picture, "The Crossing Sweeper," and Turner's "Bay of Baire." The sculpture-plate gives Mr. Spencer's group of "The Infant Moses." Amongst the articles, Mulready's works come in for a handsomely illustrated notice; and there is an excellent article on "The Arts employed in producing the essential Materials of Clothing," by Professor Archer. A very good woodcut is given of the Alexandra Vase.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.—The design by Mr. John Gibbs, of Oxford, for the monument to be erected at New Radnor to the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, has been selected by the committee. Mr. Gibbs is the architect of the new Banbury Cross, erected to commemorate the marriage of the Princess Royal, and of the memorial to the late Prince Consort, now in course of erection at Abingdon.

CITY ARCHITECT.—Mr. Horace Jones has been elected to this important office. Mr. Jones (who is in the prime of life) belongs to an old and highly esteemed family connected with the city of London, and is a Liveryman of the Fishmongers' Company, and a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He has a fair reputation as an architect, to which profession he has been regularly trained. The salary is £1,500 a year.

PICTURES FOR HOLYROOD.—Her Majesty has approved of twelve pictures now in Hampton Court Palace, connected with Scottish history, being transferred to Holyrood and placed in the public apartments there for exhibition.

MR. W. PERRY, who has in hand a bust of Shakespeare, which he is carving for her Majesty out of the wood of Horne's oak, has received orders for a smaller one for the Prince of Wales.

THE election of members and associates of the Royal Academy will be suspended until the proposed changes in its constitution have been settled.

Mr. MACLISE is painting the scene in Scott's "Ivanhoe," of the meeting of Richard I. with Robin Hood and the outlaws. This will probably appear at the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition.

MR. MORTON EDWARDS has had the honour of submitting to the Prince and Princess of Wales his bust of the Prince, executed for the corporation of Toronto.

It is proposed by the inhabitants of Birmingham to erect a statue to Sir Rowland Hill, who is a native of that town.

A GRANT of £500 per annum to the Royal Academy of Music will be proposed to Parliament this session, that amount having been recommended by the Lords of the Treasury, in reply to the memorial presented to them from a large body of professors and amateurs.

MR. PARRY again offers us an opportunity of enjoying the humour of his comic scena, "Mrs. Roseleaf's Little Evening Party." The public would appear to be still unsatiated with the attractions of this most successful of his efforts, after 300 representations, enjoyed by all classes of society, royalty not excepted. The scena now concludes the evening's entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration.

MR. HULLAH has composed music for the four songs in Mr. Kingsley's "Water Babies," which will shortly be published.

MUSICAL CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—A new Library Company is announced for the special circulation of music, old and new. The company is to be in 6,000 shares, and the capital £30,000. Mr. Beale, of the firm of Cramer, Beale, & Co., the well-known music publishers of Regent-street, is one of the directors. The company promises to bring all new music within the reach of the subscriber, whether resident in town or country, immediately after publication, and at a comparatively trifling cost. The terms of subscription will be from 10s. 6d. to £5. 5s., and subscribers (so the directors promise) will have the privilege of purchasing music at one-third of the marked price, and bound books at a fraction above prime cost.

NEW MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.—As the larger publishing houses have found it to their advantage to issue monthly magazines and other periodicals, as a sort of intellectual play-ground or literary gymnasium for their young authors, it is not to be wondered at that the music publishers should be turning their attention to similar schemes. Messrs. Boosey & Sons, of Holles-street, issue to-day No. I. of a new weekly journal of music and the drama. The title of this new claimant to public attention is, *Boosey's Musical and Dramatic Review*. Each number will consist of 12 pages, and the price will be one penny.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

EFFECT OF LOWERING THE RATE OF DISCOUNT.

EVERYTHING now appears to go by the rule of contrary. When money by the ordinary rules of the market should become easy, there is a sudden revival of inquiry; and when, on the other hand, there seems a more than average prospect of tightness, a reaction is suddenly produced by the most trifling causes. It might have been reasonably expected that the reduction by the Bank directors from 8 to 7 per cent., and then within a fortnight afterwards from 7 to 6 per cent., would have occasioned comparative abundance; but if we fairly judge by the effect produced through the last alteration in the rate, trade has revived, and speculation has been promoted to an extent sufficient to carry off all important available surplus.

Indeed, some parties go so far as to argue that the Bank Directors were not altogether justified in making the late drop, because in Lombard-street and elsewhere, it is quite evident that six and a half per cent. could have been fully obtained. Perhaps if the Court had only receded to six and a half per cent. instead of six it would have been better, but at the same time it is useless to deny the fact that the Bank, if governed in its administration by the law of supply and demand, could no longer have worked at 7 per cent. Taking the prospective condition of the money market, we think that the quotation will for the present be sustained at about 6 to 6½ per cent., and that part of the general demand will return to the Bank. Subsequently, a temporary reduction to 5 or 5½ per cent. may take place in another month, and if that is the case we shall probably see a rebound with full average prices throughout the remainder of the year.

Two events have pressed slightly for the moment upon the market—viz., the late heavy settlements of the Stock Exchange, and the payments of the 3rd and 4th of the month. Both have been calculated exceptionally to influence the rates in the neighbourhood of Capel-court as well as Lombard-street. In the first place speculative activity has been very rife among the operators in foreign stocks—particularly Mexican, Spanish, and Greek; and although the inflation is not so extensive as it was last year, still heavy differences have had to be paid in some departments. In the next place the trade engagements maturing in this quarter have proved extensive in consequence of "renewals" having been necessary in December to assist many to tide over the difficulties occasioned through the absence of immediate resources when discounts ruled in the first channels at 8 and 9 per cent. The effect of the strain then experienced has been seen by failures of late in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Nottingham; and the devastation in credit would have been much more general but for the spirit of forbearance then and since so appropriately manifested.

The tendency to promote public companies is quite as universal as ever. The days of heavy promotion fees have, perhaps, gone by, and the manufacture of the different enterprises shows less of a

thirst for plunder than it did twelve or eighteen months ago. But still things in a degree are running much in the same groove, and many are the projects promoted for the money subscriptions of the public. We have gone through the banking phase, the hotel phase, and the miscellaneous phase, and we have now arrived at the imitative age of the *Crédit Mobilier* and the *Crédit Foncier*, presented in every shape and form. In the manner in which they are now being introduced they must eventually interfere with certain branches of general banking business. But unless money keeps at high rates they cannot one and all secure the profits which several of the successful companies' recently printed balance-sheets have exhibited. They will no doubt pay moderate dividends, the class of business undertaken warranting a good margin in such transactions. If we go much further in this direction, however, promoters will have to draw upon their imagination largely for the detail of fresh sources of profit, and the titles by which they can introduce their schemes.

All these are more or less used up, and unless the fecundity of joint-stock genius can open a new path, there will be serious embarrassment in getting up an additional financial sensation. In fact, the mystery, in the present epoch of change, is not who shall be right, but who shall be wrong; for whilst prognostics of evils have been mentioned concerning what has passed and what will inevitably happen, the public, in the midst of the excitement, almost by their acts daily declare that they have not suffered. If they have, they seem content to keep their grievances pretty quiet. It nevertheless scarcely follows, that if such has been the course of things up to the present moment, it will hereafter be perpetuated, since even the sound advice of Sydney Smith, to be satisfied with good before overflowing, lest it should turn acrid and become disagreeable, may fail to command respect, and be slighted until it is too late. The witty canon, if he were alive, would be strangely puzzled to select, either for investment or speculation, securities that would, after his experience of the real days of infatuation in the stocks of the "stars and stripes," give him immunity from the fears that beclouded his latter days of the safety of anything in which money was to be temporarily sunk. Confidence has certainly revived, and would seem to have taken the place of previous doubtful apprehensions, particularly as we gaze upon the mammoth enterprises which one after another rear their heads only to be succeeded by still more tempting schemes, the safe fruition of which is so unhesitatingly predicted.

The great case of the alleged "share rigging" in the Australian and Eastern Steam Navigation Company, was brought before the Committee of the Stock Exchange on Thursday. It has excited much attention in consequence of the desperate efforts made to bring the Liverpool and Manchester operators to book. No doubt there are faults on both sides, but we fear this investigation will scarcely elicit the full facts. The operators for the fall had certainly no right to sell shares which they did not possess; and on the other hand it was wrong of the friends of the promoters to buy so heavily to trap the unfortunate bears. From the course of the investigation on Thursday, it is quite apparent that the business will occupy some two or three days, and many anticipate that not before Monday or Tuesday next a decision will be arrived at. Never before was there, it was stated, such a strong muster of the friends of either party—Liverpool and Manchester being represented as well as the directors of the incriminated company.

The whole of the preliminaries will of course be explained in ordinary form, but the committee will do well to investigate the excessive allotments, the hand over head purchases, and the little attention that has been paid to the subscriptions of the general public. As we have remarked before, it is not the particular case that can be dealt with, it is the system, and the Stock Exchange Committee should in justice to themselves devise some plan to mitigate the evil. It is not impossible to pass a bye-law, by which the responsibility of any such dealings as these shall not have legal effect till after the allotment and payment of the first deposit. Such a regulation would exercise far greater influence than any endeavour to increase the extent of the calls. But then this would cut two ways,—it would not only diminish business at the Stock Exchange, it would likewise leave the dealer unprotected if he dealt with unscrupulous or insolvent operators. There must, however, be some method discovered by which any further extraordinary movement of this character shall be arrested, otherwise no estimate can be formed of the mischief that may hereafter accrue.

THE demand for money at the Bank was extremely good on Thursday. Out of doors also a full demand exists. The payments of the 3rd and 4th have turned out extremely heavy.

£121,000 in the shape of gold has been purchased by the Bank this week. There were no bullion operations either on Wednesday or Thursday. The Mexican dollars just received have been sold at 64½d, a very strong price. Bar silver is 61½d. per oz.

THE markets for general securities have become a little flat. Consols, foreign stocks, and miscellaneous shares, have more or less participated. A fair extent of animation has prevailed, but now there is less buoyancy.

CONSOLS for the Account stood at 91. Mexican, having been very weak, has rallied again to 42½ to 43; Spanish Passives, 34½ to 35½; Turkish Consolidés, 50 to 51; and Greek, 22½ to 23½.

RAILWAY shares show no important change. Credit and Finance Company shares stand supported. Even the new projects immediately introduced go to a premium.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MODERN PERSIA.*

NOTWITHSTANDING an occasional flippancy of style, a little too suggestive of the would-be witty and sparkling writer for the light magazines, Mr. Eastwick has made a very interesting contribution to our imperfect knowledge of modern Persia. As he himself remarks, it is strange that a land occupying so large and important a space in ancient history, and even now counting "ten millions of the wittiest, handsomest, most agreeable people in the world for its inhabitants," should be so little regarded by Europeans. We, in particular, ought to be curious in all that concerns the country and the race ruled over by the Shah; for we have a valuable stake in India, and Herat, which lies between the two empires, is the constant bone of contention between Persians and Affghans, not without a strong tendency on the part of Russia to use the former as her instrument for advancing towards the frontiers of Hindostan. Mr. Eastwick has many excellent qualifications for engaging in the difficult diplomacy of Asia, and for describing the scenery, cities, and national manners of Oriental countries. He has been familiar with the East for more than a quarter of a century; he was the late Sir James Outram's assistant in Sindh; he is neither an enthusiast nor a *poco curante*; he can talk Persian, and has evidently the art of making himself well acquainted with whatever lies beneath the mere externals of the things he sees. Moreover, he is something of a philosopher, and does not think himself justified in reviling or satirising every condition of society which fails to accord with Western ideas of fitness. At the same time, he writes with a very matter-of-fact pen, and the Persia he depicts—though not wanting in episodes of pomp and splendour, of grandeur and beauty—is far from being the region of romance and voluptuous loveliness which fiction and poetry have taught us to associate with its name.

In the summer of 1860, Mr. Eastwick started from England to join our mission at Tehran. Travelling from Paris to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Athens, he stopped for a little while at the last-named city, of which he gives a very depreciatory account. Thence he proceeded to Constantinople, the situation and general aspect of which struck him as magnificent, as they do most travellers. Steaming along the Black Sea, he sketches the chief towns of Mingrelia and Circassia, at some of which he and his companions stopped for a time. The country appears to be generally of a dismal character, swampy and fever-haunted, afflicted by a plague of noisome insects, oppressively hot, and presenting all the characteristics of a low order of civilization. Of the nauseous and dirty condition of the towns and their inhabitants, Mr. Eastwick gives, we think, a needlessly particular account, returning over and over again to the nasty details with an apparent zest which probably few of his readers will share. When staying at Poti, he went with a friend to explore the ancient mouth of the Rhion, or Phasis, but was unable to reach it for want of a boat, and sat for two hours fishing on the banks of a sluggish and marshy stream, bordered by a dense forest of low trees, covered with creepers. "It was the very dreariest scene," writes our author, "I ever beheld. The rain fell uninterruptedly on the damp, matted jungle and the dismal, muddy pool; every now and then a fish leaped and fell back with a sullen plunge, the tree-frog chirped, and fever and pestilence brooded over the whole forest. It was the dismal swamp in 'Dred.' " Some of the fish, it is said, are so large and voracious that they will even seize people when bathing. The only agreeable feature which Mr. Eastwick perceived in these regions was the extraordinary handsomeness of the population, both male and female. They appear to be so many Apollos and Venuses, moving in the midst of squalor and wretchedness.

In passing through Caucasia, Mr. Eastwick noted the condition of that unhappy province of the Russian Empire. He remarks that, if England were in possession of the country, she could draw legions of invincible soldiers from the population, but that Russia, while holding the sword and the whip, has not the art of conciliating her vanquished foes. "If Poland should call for reinforcements, Caucasia may be lost." Yet our author thinks that Russia is politically justified in retaining this province, as being "the Gibraltar of the East—an impregnable castle against Turkey and Persia, whence, when the hour of doom has struck, the hosts of the North might issue to overwhelm the sunny South." The Muscovite can only maintain his grasp by the aid of an enormous military force. The army of occupation, officially put down at 250,000, amounts to about 180,000 in fact. The civil administration, so called, is in a manner military. Patrols are to be seen everywhere, and our countryman was told while he was at Teflis that 40,000 soldiers were employed in making roads.

On approaching the Persian frontier, Mr. Eastwick found the scenery marked by a wild and savage sublimity:—

"The hills and rocks about Nakhshewan are of very curious, fantastic shapes—some conical, others shaped like the paws of some monstrous animal. They are utterly treeless, and of a most forbidding aspect. Several horsemen were sent with me to the frontier from Nakhshewan as escort, and one of them told me that he had visited these rocks, and that there were panthers and other wild beasts to be found there. We drove along at a good rate, and reached Alandjakhai, twenty versts, at 8 P.M. Here the rocks by moonlight looked exactly like

ruined forts; and now commenced a region of a character so wild and weird, as seen by the pale moonlight, that the imagination might well have peopled it with Faust's witches. A tremendous wind was blowing, which accorded with the strange character of the scenery. There is a sheer descent this whole stage of fifteen versts to the Aras, and a similar gorge leads down to the river from the Persian side; hence, no doubt, the tempestuous wind which is so constant at this spot. Down the long groove of this descent we sped rapidly along against the rushing wind, the force of which was so increased by the rapidity of our movement as almost to deprive us of breath. Across the road ran many lines of hills, looking like walls. Beyond this, far in the distance, rose a gigantic range of blue mountains, the portal or the barrier of Iran. Right in the centre, opposite to us, was a deep cleft, a sort of stupendous gateway into Persia."

In so large a country as Persia—about thrice the size of France—there must of course be great diversities of scenery and climate; but for the most part the land, though full of natural grandeur, does not seem to be inviting. Mr. Eastwick has a theory that the country has been parched and rendered arid by the excessive cutting down of trees for making charcoal, the only fuel used by the Persians, though they have coal-mines which they might work if they had the energy. The Persia of ancient times was more fertile than now, because of the great forests which attracted rain, and thus renewed the vegetation of the soil. "In a similar manner," writes our author, "the woods on the Volga are being destroyed for fuel for the steamers, and, no doubt, this will produce a change in the climate of that region ere long." The same result, it might be added, has already ensued from the same cause in Greece. But there are districts in Persia where the scenery is of the truest pastoral beauty, even reminding the traveller of England. Now, he would come across what looked like an open English common; then, ornamental lands like parks; and again, orchards of apple, pear, cherry, mulberry, and walnut trees. The woods sometimes resembled those of Hertfordshire, only that they were more swampy; and, near Ashraf, "the fields were surrounded with hedges, like those of England, ditched and staked. Men were ploughing and breaking clods in them, and a few women were also at work, while nightingales were singing in every thicket, and the cuckoo's note was heard in the distance." In some places, even the people themselves have a fresh, ruddy English look. The account of Ashraf itself is very striking:—

"Ashraf is a ruined town, which in the time of Sháh Abbás the Great extended a mile farther than it now does to the east, to a bridge, near which are remains of a magnificent palace, called the Chashmah Imárat, or 'Palace of Fountains.' To the north-west is another palace of vast size, once united to the Chashmah Imárat by walls and a paved way, along which used to flow a clear stream, with tiny cascades at intervals over stone slabs curved to represent scales, so that there was a continual shimmer from the water as it fell. This palace is called the Chihal Sitún, or 'Forty Columns,' and in it is a garden of eight acres planted with the most magnificent cypresses and orange-trees, and surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, and from four to six feet thick, which springs from a mound of earth also about thirty feet high. On the outer side of this mound grow many beautiful shrubs. At regular intervals in the wall are round bastions, in which soldiers and attendants were lodged. Adjoining this garden to the east is a smaller one of three acres, called the Bâgh i Tappé, or 'Garden of the Mound,' planted with orange-trees, and having in the centre the Hammám, or warm baths. On the western side of the Chihal Sitún is the Bâgh i Harím, or 'Garden of the Seraglio.' . . .

"The entrance to the large garden of the Chihal Sitún is by a ruined arch opening into an oblong enclosure of about two acres in extent, round which guards were posted. Over the arch was the Nakkárah Khánah, 'Kettle-drum or Guard-room.' In the garden we observed many women digging up roots to eat with their rice, for the famine was sore in the land. The cypresses of the Chihal Sitún are more than sixty feet high, and eight or nine feet in circumference, while the orange-trees are upwards of twenty-five feet high and proportionately thick. The gardener said all the trees were planted by Sháh Abbás, so that they must be 250 years old. The palace in the centre of the garden, built by Sháh Abbas, was burnt down, and the present pavilion, which, in its turn, is crumbling to decay, was built by Agha Muhammad, or according to others, by Nádir Sháh. There are two wings two stories high, with four rooms in each, and between these wings is a large room open at the sides, and supported by twelve pillars. In front is a tank from sixty to eighty feet square, filled now with innumerable frogs, which chant the *Threnema* of departed greatness with fifty-chorus power. It must be admitted that the centre pavilion is quite unworthy of the garden and the noble wall and towers that surround it. A little care would render the garden a real paradise, for nowhere in the world, perhaps, are to be seen such cypresses and orange-trees, nowhere is water of dazzling clearness more abundant, and on no more level ground could an ever-verdant sward be more easily maintained. As it is, huge weeds grow everywhere in the garden, particularly one like the lily of the valley in leaf, which they call *tasigayá*, and say is poisonous. I was pleased, too, to shake hands with my old English friends the nettle and thistle, though they had rather a foreign look, and introduced themselves under the names of *gazná* and *kardak*. Poisonous as some of the plants were, the women who were digging for roots among them were in no danger of being deceived. The Persians are very skilful in the use of simples, and I was often struck with the numbers of people who resorted to the Mission Garden at Tehran for herbs, and at the facility with which they selected from among tufts of weeds those with medicinal properties.

"It was probably in the Palace of Forty Pillars that the great Abbás, in 1627, received Sir Dodmore Cotton, the English Ambassador, and feasted his stomach with rich viands, and his eyes with dishes and goblets of gold. It was there, too, in all likelihood, that that

* Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia. By Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., F.S.A., of the Middle Temple, late her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Tehran, &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

'most pragmatical pagan,' the Persian Minister, did woefully undo all the impression made on the King by the arrival of the English, and by glozing words defraud the valorous Sir Robert Sherley of his due. Some of the interviews may, however, have taken place in the Chashmah Imarat, where the fountain, whence the palace is named, is clear as diamonds, and springs up naturally in inexhaustible abundance. In hot weather this place must have been a delicious retreat, though it could not save Sherley or Cotton from the miasma of Mazandarán, to which, in a few months after the interview with Abbás, they both fell victims.

"After rambling over the palaces in the town, and admiring the beautiful woods on the hills, at the foot of which the ruins are situated—woods so near that the roar of the tiger and the panther is constantly heard from them at night by the palace-keepers—we set out by a well-made road for a palace on a height, at the distance of about half a mile from Ashraf. The palace is called Safiábád, from the grandson and successor of Abbás the Great, Sháh Safí, a sanguinary tyrant, who stabbed his favourite queen, and built this delightful place for his favourite daughter."

Having arrived at Tehran, Mr. Eastwick was introduced to the Sultan, whom he found surrounded by a blaze of Oriental magnificence that makes us think of the wonders of enchantment. Of the scene at court we read:—

"It would be vain, without the aid of the muse who indited Homer's catalogue of ships, to attempt a description of all the dresses that glittered, like beds of flowers, under our eyes that day. On the left of the throne stood the Sipáh Sálár, or Commander-in-Chief, a big, broad, heavy man, blazing in gold and diamonds. On the right were the great civil officers of State, with those tall graceful Arabian turbans. Lower down were rows of Mustaufis, or secretaries, and below them were Afgháns and Sistánis, the latter remarkable for their vast turbans of snowy white. Two dresses surpassed all the rest in magnificence, that of the Ainn 'l Mulk, the 'Eye of the State,' who is the king's brother-in-law, and that of the Sháh's son-in-law, the son of the Sipáh Sálár. The former was such a dress as Nero might have worn when he presided at the Olympic games, or as might have glittered on Elagabalus as priest of the Syrian sun-god. At the distance at which we were I could not distinguish the material, but it sent forth purple and golden flashes at every movement its wearer made.

"The Sháh's approach to the throne-room was announced by salvoes of artillery, and then a clear, sonorous voice called like a clarion, *Gittir*, 'he has passed!' When the Sháh had taken his seat, all bowed the graceful Persian bow, by stooping the body, with the palms of the hands slightly resting on the knees. The Ainn 'l Mulk, now walking backwards from the Sháh, moved down the assembly, giving handfuls of silver coins to all from a splendid golden salver. Inferior officers distributed sherbet from priceless vessels of gold studded with gems, and the most costly china. A Mulá, or doctor of Islám, then stood forth and uttered, in a loud and melodious voice, the *Khutbah*, or prayer for the sovereign. After this, the Poet Laureate recited an ode, and with this the ceremony ended."

While staying at Meshed, our author fell into an awkward adventure, which might indeed have led to his death. A Mahometan friend, who must have been a very lax follower of his own religion, took his English visitor, without informing him what he was about, to the grand mosque, which "infidels" are not allowed to enter. The excitement among the Mussulmans was extreme, and, but that the intruder contrived, a day or two after, to get out of the town secretly, he would probably have been murdered. The account of the mosque is so interesting that we must make room for it:—

"The quadrangle of the mosque in which I was seemed to be about 150 paces square. It was paved with large flagstones, and in the centre was a beautiful kiosk, or pavilion, covered with gold, and raised over the reservoir of water for ablutions. This pavilion was built by Nádir Sháh. All round the northern, western, and southern sides of the quadrangle, ran at some ten feet from the ground a row of alcoves similar to that in which I was sitting, and filled with Mulás, in white turbans and dresses. In each of these sides was a gigantic archway, the wall being raised in a square form above the entrance. The height to the top of this square wall must have been ninety or a hundred feet. The alcoves were white, seemingly of stone or plaster, but the archways were covered with blue varnish, or blue tiles, with beautiful inscriptions in white and gold. Over the western archway was a white cage, which seemed to be made of ivory, for the Muezzin, and outside it was a gigantic minaret, about 120 feet high, and as thick as the Duke of York's column in London. The beauty of this minaret cannot be exaggerated. It has an exquisitely carved capital, and, above that, a light pillar seemingly ten feet high, and this and the shaft below the capital for about twenty feet were covered with gold. All this part of the mosque was built by Shah Abbás. In the centre of the eastern side of the quadrangle two gigantic doors were thrown open to admit the people into the adytum, or inner mosque, where is the marble tomb of Imám Rizá, surrounded by a silver railing, with knobs of gold. There was a flight of steps ascending to these doors, and beyond were two smaller doors encrusted with jewels. The Mashír said, for at that distance I could not see them, that the rubies were particularly fine. The inner mosque would contain 3,000 persons. Over it rose a dome entirely covered with gold, with two minarets at the sides likewise gilt all over. On the right of the Imám's tomb is that of Abbás Mirza, father of Muhammad Sháh, and grandfather of the reigning Sháh. Near him several other princes and chiefs of note are buried.

"Beyond the golden dome, in striking and beautiful contrast with it, was a smaller dome of bright blue. Here begins the mosque of Gauhar Sháh. The quadrangle is larger than that of Sháh Abbás, and at the eastern side is an immense blue dome, out of which

quantities of grass were growing, the place being too sacred to be disturbed. In front of the dome rose two lofty minarets covered with blue tiles. All this vast building was in a blaze of lamps, and was thronged by a vast concourse of people, and of that great multitude there was not one individual whose eyes were not bent upon me. The crowd fell into little groups, all talking of the intrusion, and looking angrily towards us. Even the Muezzin on the top of the great minaret in front of the western archway was gazing at me over the rail, and I could see him in a fixed attitude, as if in surprise. While I was looking at this wondrous scene, the Mashír showed to me the account of the daily expenses of the mosque, and pointed out that 751 pilgrims had arrived that day, and more than 200 had departed. During the whole year to that day, he added, upwards of 50,000 pilgrims had visited the shrine."

Of the Persians, as a people, Mr. Eastwick gives rather a good account, and says their faults have been greatly exaggerated by Europeans. When treated with distrust, they can be crafty enough; but they appreciate sincerity, and may be relied on, if frankly and fairly used.

The diplomatic portion of these volumes we do not propose to discuss. It does not occupy any very large space, nor refer to events of first-class importance. Mr. Eastwick's main object in publishing his work was no doubt to give a lively, graphic, and truthful picture of Persia as it is; and in this object he has completely succeeded. A more entertaining book of travels we have never read.

THE CAMPAIGNS IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.*

CAPTAIN CHESNEY'S is, perhaps, the best book which has appeared upon that portion of the American civil war whose history it embraces. The author is a military man, and, whatever political predilections he may have, does not suffer them to interfere with his military criticism of the operations which he reviews. He possesses the power of grasping the essential features of a campaign, and presenting them to his readers without the embarrassment of entangling details. Studiously fair to the commanders on both sides, he blames and praises freely both Federal and Confederate generals; but he never fails to make proper allowance for the difficulties with which both have had to contend from raw levies, imperfect organisation, and insufficient means of transport. He writes both clearly and concisely; and, while he impresses us with the soundness of his military judgment, conveys his views to us in language totally divested of professional jargon. The time has not yet come for anything like a complete history of even the earliest portions of the American war; but we are not aware of any other work in which the result of the various contemporary narratives is presented with equal clearness and fairness.

Commencing with a brief but lucid sketch of the scene of operations in Virginia and Maryland, the author takes up the history of the war with M'Clellan's appointment as commander-in-chief after the first battle of Bull's Run. Full justice is done to the power of organisation displayed by that commander in creating and forming the army which he subsequently transported to the peninsula between the York and James rivers. Capt. Chesney evidently thinks highly of the original scheme devised by the Northern general for an advance upon Richmond from this quarter; and he carefully points out the manner in which M'Clellan's views were thwarted, partly by treachery, and partly by the jealousy and incapacity of the War Department at Washington. His plans were disclosed to the Confederates almost as soon as they were communicated to his divisional generals. The army upon which he had counted was weakened by the creation of detached commands. The organisation of that portion which was left to him was taken out of his hands. The inefficiency of the Federal navy compelled him to rely for his supplies solely upon the York River, instead of having both that stream and the James River open to him; while the timidity of the President, alarmed for the safety of the capital, deprived him at the last moment of the assistance which he expected to derive from a flank movement under M'Dowell. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, and of drawbacks arising out of his excessive caution, M'Clellan slowly but surely pushed back the Confederate troops until he arrived almost within cannon shot of the lines around Richmond. At the very moment, however, when he was expecting to deliver a final attack, he was deprived of the co-operation of M'Dowell, with whom he was at last on the point of junction. The brilliant campaign of Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley not only frightened Mr. Lincoln into the recall of this corps which was advancing on Richmond from the north, but allowed Jackson himself to hasten with his whole force to the assistance of the Confederate troops in front of the capital of Virginia. M'Clellan found himself outnumbered by the army opposed to him, which soon afterwards passed into the hands of Lee, who now for the first time became commander-in-chief. The Federal general had no alternative but to retreat from the Chickahominy, through White Oak Swamp to Harrison's Landing on the James River; and this object he effected, with a skill for which our author awards him warm commendation, in spite of all the exertions of his antagonists. His losses, however, were severe; and, although "the Young Napoleon" still retained the confidence of his army, his *prestige* with the people of the North was gone for ever.

* A Military View of Recent Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland. By Capt. C. C. Chesney, R.E., Professor of Military History, Sandhurst College. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

We need not dwell upon the immediately succeeding campaign of the boasting and incompetent Pope. It opened the way for the advance of the Confederates to the immediate vicinity of Washington, and compelled the panic-stricken politicians of that city to recall McClellan to the head of their army. The first invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland by the Confederates followed. Harper's Ferry, with its immense store of arms, ammunition, and material of war, fell into the hands of Jackson, and the two armies, under Lee and McClellan, finally met at Antietam. The former had not more than 70,000, the latter had nearly 95,000 men under his command. We will allow Capt. Chesney to state the result of the two days' hard fighting which followed:—

"The Battle of Antietam is essentially one of the most indecisive of great contests; and each side, naturally enough, laid claim to a victory. As the result of the fight was the final abandonment of their position by the Confederates; as the right wing of the Federals had never lost the ground gained by Franklin's advance; and as some of the Confederate standards and nearly a dozen guns had been captured in this and the previous attacks by Sumner and Hooker on that side of the field; McClellan had good grounds for asserting that he had met with great success. And to have accomplished as much as he had done; to have restored enough of confidence to the beaten and demoralized mass he led from Washington to enable them to face, not unsuccessfully, the lately victorious enemy; to force the triumphant Southerners to their own side of the border, and abandon their grasp of Maryland;—these achievements must ever reflect credit on McClellan. But inasmuch as the Confederate general had retained his position for nearly forty-eight hours after the battle; had retired unmolested and without hurry, taking everything with him from the ground but one damaged gun and a few hopelessly-wounded men; above all, as the great military object of the invasion, the capture of Harper's Ferry, had been successfully accomplished, General Lee may well also lay claim to have gained a solid advantage."

The advantage remained with McClellan in so far as this, that Lee retreated. But Capt. Chesney severely criticises the strategy which prevented the former from gaining a decisive victory with forces so superior to those of his antagonist. His attacks were made so disconnectedly that they afforded no help to each other, and he kept 15,000 men in strict reserve until the end of the battle—a force which, properly employed, might have enabled him to gain a substantial advantage. Upon the whole, Capt. Chesney seems to consider McClellan, like Soult, far more distinguished for capacity in organizing than for skill in manœuvring an army. His want of grasp over the movements of the different divisions of the army, and the excessive caution which he displayed on all occasions, rendered him inefficient in attack; although in defence or retreat he more than once proved himself a stout and capable commander. In justice to him, it should, however, be borne in mind that he was constantly hampered by the defects of his army, and had to contend with the marvellous incapacity and unpatriotic jealousy of his official superiors at Washington. Reverting for a moment to the battle of Antietam, we find that Capt. Chesney is disposed to think Lee open to censure, from a purely military point of view, for fighting at all; on the other hand, taking a wider view of the matter, he absolves him from blame on the score of the enormous political gain which would have followed a not improbable victory.

Disappointed with the slender results which followed the doubtful victory of Antietam, the command of "the fourth invasion of Virginia" was taken from McClellan (who retired into private life) and bestowed upon Burnside. We must refer our readers to the little work before us for an admirable analysis of the movements in this campaign, and by far the best description we have read of the celebrated battle of Fredericksburg, by which it was closed. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of quoting Capt. Chesney's opinion upon a point which has always struck us as very open to controversy:—

"Why did Lee allow the two days succeeding the battle to pass by without making a counter-attack upon his enemies, still staggering from their repulse? It is true that the lives of his men were far more precious to their country than those of Burnside's to the North. It is true that he could only conjecture—what we now well know—the utterly dispirited condition of the Federals. But something must ever be risked in war, where a very great object is to be attained; and in this case of Fredericksburg, as in most others, the old rule appears to hold good, 'That the basis of sound defensive action is a readiness to take the offensive at the right opportunity.' Had Lee, on the morning of the 14th, thrown his whole force frankly against the Northern army, reduced as the latter was in numbers, and much more in morale by its severe repulse, it is scarcely to be doubted that a mighty advantage would have been obtained. The mere beginning of any panic among Burnside's troops would have inevitably caused them to sever their line, by yielding to the natural tendency to fall back on the different sets of bridges that had carried them across; so that, an advantage once gained, the weight of the Confederates might have been directed almost wholly upon Franklin, or upon the other two grand divisions. It is possible, indeed, that the scenes of Leipsic or the Beresina might have been repeated on the Rappahannock, and the greater part of the Federal corps have been captured or destroyed. It is possible also that the political results of such a defeat might have reached scarcely less far than those which followed the disasters of Napoleon just quoted. Finally, when we assert thus plainly that Lee at Fredericksburg erred from over-caution, and missed an opportunity of further advantage, such as even a great victory has rarely offered, it must be borne in mind that his troops were not on this occasion suffering from over-marching, or want of food and ammunition, as in former cases, which the reader will recall. To attack or remain still was, therefore,

strictly a matter of choice; and judging after the event, with that fuller knowledge which time brings, we are enabled confidently to say that the decision should have been more bold."

But if Lee was on this occasion wanting in the sagacious boldness and vigour which might be expected from a great commander, he more than redeemed his reputation in the subsequent campaign of Chancellorsville. At the head of not more than 50,000 men he baffled all the efforts of Hooker, who had about 160,000 men at his disposal, and personally commanded 100,000. It is true that the Federal general exhibited signal incapacity. The absurd self-confidence which he had previously displayed was in the actual operations of war replaced by feebleness and a hesitation which stamped him as utterly unfit for the duties of high command. Still, Lee's achievements were quite remarkable enough to warrant the strong professional enthusiasm with which they evidently inspire Capt. Chesney. With the battle of Chancellorsville, the work concludes; but we cannot help expressing a hope that the author will resume his pen at no distant date, and continue his commentaries, which are equally valuable to the professional and non-professional reader.

EDINBURGH, GEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL.*

THE masterly eloquence, the scientific knowledge, the care and painstaking labour with which he collected, observed, and elaborated the most fragmentary evidence into reliable theories and facts, his rough origin, his manly conquest over the obstructions of life and station, and his final and untimely end at the very epoch of his most decisive literary success, all tend to give an intensity of attractiveness to the history and works of that geologist of whom every Scotchman is proud, and in whose labours, while he lived, not only Englishmen south of the "border," but geologists of every country, took as lively an interest and pleasure as his nearer countrymen in his native land. No wonder, then, that, since his death, his widow's collections of his stray papers and her productions of his unpublished manuscripts have met with appreciation and success. In this way, from her hands we have had already a new edition of "The Footsteps of the Creator," with a memoir by Professor Agassiz; "The Cruise of the *Betsy*," "Sketchbook of Popular Geology," composed of various Lectures; "Essays: Historical, Biographical, &c.," reprinted from the *Witness*; and "Tales and Sketches;" and now as well-presented a volume as ever issued with Hugh Miller's name to it is put before us by the Messrs. Black—"Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood." The two lectures on the Geology of Edinburgh with which it opens were read before the Philosophical Institution; those which follow, on the Brick Clays of Portobello and the Raised Beaches of Fillyside, before the Royal Physical Society. To these succeed miscellaneous essays on "The Meadows"—a large tract of flat marshy ground on the south side of the city, and the site of extensive improvements by the Town Council in 1842; The Droughts of that Year; Edinburgh described as a Capital City; The Queen's First Visit to Scotland; Lady Glenorchy's Chapel; A Voice from the Greyfriars; Trinity College Church *versus* Burns's Monument; The Funeral of Chalmers; and Saint Margaret's Well;—all short essays by Miller in the *Witness* newspaper, now, like its lamented editor, belonging to the domain of the Past.

The remainder of the book—namely, a full third—is a *verbatim* reprint from the Rev. Dr. McCrie's "Civil and Ecclesiastical History of the Bass," published in 1847—a sort of joint-stock work, to which Mr. Miller contributed the geology; Professor Fleming, the zoology; Professor Balfour, the botany; and Mr. Anderson, "a learned Covenanter," the biographies of its martyrs. In it, Professor McCrie goes back to the remotest times of St. Baldrick, "the culdee," who, in six hundred and odd, was, singular to narrate, and harder to believe, buried in three graveyards at once; but to the Scotch geologist was assigned that still remoter pre-Adamite antiquity, in the course of the history of which he might indeed emulate, if he pleased, the oft-quoted Welch genealogist by inscribing the much-derided *nota bene*, "About this time the world was made." The old woodcuts are used in the present book, and, although it may be very useful to have this essay of the eloquent geologist collected with his other writings as part of a sort of irregular series of his works, yet, having been for nearly twenty years before the world, it scarcely calls for criticism now, as those who intend to visit that "island salt and bare, the haunt of seals and orcs, where sea-mews clang," will not fail to follow the example of those who have gone before them, and carry this capital history in their pocket.

The first portion, then, of "Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood," is that which demands notice at our hands, and, although some passages upon topics treated of in other of Miller's works have a familiar tone to the ear, there is quite sufficient freshness and eloquence to render this part attractive to every reader. The manuscript lectures, too, are interesting, not only as the latest labours of his life, but as giving us the only knowledge we can now ever possess of the opinions this acute and skilful geologist had formed of those remarkable glacial deposits which are at the present time exciting so much investigation. It will be—although everything, fact or fiction, sermon or description of fragmentary fossil fish-scales, dreams of past geologic ages, the narration of a journey, or the record of a passing scene, fell from his pen

* *Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood, Geological and Historical, with the Geology of the Bass Rock.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

with the charm of freshness and vigour, which, if not perfectly classical, carry that stamp of sterling innate merit which the "journeyman stonemason" and the descendant of John Fiddes, "the buccaneer," undoubtedly possessed,—it will be, we say, in the lectures, now for the first time published, on Edinburgh that the best features of this book will be found. The great and peculiar merit of Hugh Miller, and the main source of his popularity, notwithstanding his natural eloquence, has been well put by Agassiz in a single sentence: it is in "the successful combination of Christian doctrines with pure scientific truths." Hugh Miller was as earnest a theologian as a geologist: the same veins of religious feeling and acute scientific inquiry run side by side in these pages as they do in all his previous productions; and there is also the like agreeable discursiveness and divergence to incidental narrations. How excellently in the pages before us he works his ways downwards through the superficial strata and newest of the stony garments of our earth into the old underlying rock-masses leading back into the remotest past! We see in his word-pictures the recently opened lakes about St. Leonard's and Salisbury crags, and the Hunter's Bog in front of Arthur's Seat, gradually drying up, and inclosing in their hardening beds the brittle shell and iridescent beetle. Peeling off this outer covering, we see the relics of the days when the great forests were full of "hartis, hynds, toddis, and sic like manner of bestis," and when the areas occupied now by the tall tenements of the crowded city "were cumbered with dark thickets, and the fox crept stealthily through the bushes, and the red deer and roe sheltered in their glades." Then another earth-covering is removed, and we see the ancient oyster-beds and seaweeds of a bygone time, when the land, gently rising, transformed the seaweeded belt of shore into firm dry land, and the oyster-bed into a tangle-belt along the margin of the coast. Still another coat removed, and laid bare are the great ice-borne boulders of the glacial drift, and uncovered are the arctic shells of the boulder-clay, buried amidst ice-scored massive blocks of travelled rocks. In the midst of these water-relics rise great bosses of trap and volcanic rocks, for there were times, both in the near as well as in the remotest past, when volcanic fires burned fiercely "within a mile of Edinburgh town," as the scorize and ashes ejected from the cone of Arthur's Seat, interbedded amongst the stratified rocks, remain still to prove. Peeling yet again this earth-coat off, we find older and more solid rocks subjacent: not reposing, as the superficial beds have done, in nearly horizontal layers, nor, like them, of shallow substance, but mighty in their mountain-mass, thousands of feet thick, and split through with enormous fissures that have permitted one half of the disrupted strata to be raised from sixty to eighty fathoms above the other. It strikes the unfamiliar student with wonder to look, through his mind's eye, upon the snow-covered Pentland Hills in the glacial times; but the physical geography of this area, during the periods when the wonderful coal-plants were growing, is not less strange or astonishing. The coal-measures of Mid-Lothian fill a great basin, which occupies the space between the Garelton Hills and the Pentlands; but the surface is now smooth and level, because the basin is full, and the gigantic inequalities of the great fault which runs through it has been planed down by denudation—the cutting-back action of former seas—just as a house-carpenter planes off the "over-wood" of his flooring, so that across the line of disturbance that caused a difference of level of the two sides of some hundreds of feet, the plough can be driven without perception of the displacement that exists below. So deep is this great basin, that, if the vast coal stores it contains were removed, there would be displayed a valley more profound than Glen Nevis or Glencoe; and if the lofty Ben Lomond were set down in its midst, the peaks of its summit would not peer above the level of the "drive" that winds amongst the rich corn-fields and golden-headed crops of the present fertile plain. From coal-fields and geology Hugh Miller digresses to colliers and coal-mines, commencing with but recently bygone times, when the Scotch colliers, coal-bearers, and salters were no more than serfs, and were "holden" by their masters "as thieves, and punished in their bodies." Through the winding valley of Dryden and over the carboniferous strata of the valley of the Esk, we are brought to the mouth of a coal-pit—the visit to which is as graphic as any description that ever came from the pen of this most graphic of writers. Still more characteristic of the man is his own simple and seemingly almost unintentional account of his restoration of one of the beautiful fossil ferns with which the coal-shales are everywhere impressed:—

"I set myself," he says, "nearly a twelvemonth ago to restore from a series of specimens the frond of *Sphenopteris affinis*, one of the most abundant of the Burdiehouse ferns. I drew it slowly and laboriously, piecemeal, from my authorities the fossils, without drawing on imagination for a single pinna or leaflet; but greatly more graceful and elegant than if I had set myself to design something I deemed pretty, it grew up under my hands. The rachis, or stem, somewhat resembled that of the common hillside bracken, *Pteris aquilina*, but—a peculiarity without example in the ferns of the present day—it divided, not into three, but into two parts; and a series of alternate pinnae and alternate leaflets completed the frond."

Those who have seen such works from his hands can best—perhaps only—appreciate his careful painstaking. Just as, leaf by leaf and fragment by fragment, he has taken all the specimens he could get of this ancient fern, until he presents its accurate picture before us as it grew in the dank meadows and on the sloping downs of the Lower Coal-measures, so would he take the almost obliterated fragments of some unknown species of fish, and, drawing scale by

scale and bone by bone, reducing the large individuals and magnifying the small, and reversing the parts which belonged to the opposite side to that he was depicting—drawing each portion separately to a given scale—he would fit them together, and produce an harmonious whole, the truthfulness of which it was in no one's power to dispute. Such labours of his we have seen, and nothing in all his exquisite writings will give to the student so much encouragement, will speak so much for the earnest seeking for truth as these silent, unostentatious labours, never to be displayed to the world, never destined to gain one particle of fame. One passage has given a reputation for eloquence to Buckland's memorable treatise; so one of these paper-restorations of Miller would be sufficient to stamp the earnestness of his truth-seekings more indelibly than his best and happiest writings.

Nor will the casual papers intercalated with these deeper researches be found devoid of interest to the reader. Many will read this latest volume, and derive gratification from its contents, old and new. As many will regret that the Scotch geologist no longer lives to write us more.

THE HEKIM BASHI.*

ONE is at first rather puzzled, in reading these adventures of an Italian Doctor in the Turkish service, to know whether the work is to be received as a genuine autobiography, or as a mere fiction, or as a combination of the two. There is a dry literality in the earlier parts which seems suggestive of actual experience; but, on the other hand, as the story proceeds, the accumulation of romantic and startling incidents is so excessive, and the colouring is so obviously heightened for the sake of effect, that we can no longer regard the narrative as a simple statement of real incidents. Probably Dr. Sandwith intends nothing more than to give what he believes to be a generally truthful account of Turkey, and more especially of the Christian population, their wrongs and their sufferings, in the attractive form of a tale. He adds, however, a collection of notes to each volume, consisting of extracts from modern works on Turkey, state papers, newspaper articles, and original memoranda, evidently with a view to convincing the reader that his picture is substantially correct. The Doctor was one of those who suffered in the memorable siege of Kars, while defending the Turks from the attacks of their Russian enemies. If his account of the Osmanlis be anything near the truth, they are certainly not worth defending, and the sooner they are crushed out the better. But there is always a danger in accepting these extreme assertions implicitly, and of all forms of persuasion that which is wrapped up in the allurements and the involuntary exaggerations of fiction is the most objectionable. The writer can manage his lights and shades in any way he pleases, and of course does so with an eye to producing the greatest amount of effect; he is not tied down to verbal exactness, and, without meaning to be unfair, he generally ends in producing a one-sided representation, and to that extent misleading the reader whom he honestly wishes to instruct.

The autobiography of Giuseppe Antonelli professes to be a translation of a MS. put into the hands of an English visitor to the Hospital of Incurables at the Sardinian town of Pinerolo, by a Cistercian monk who attends on the sick. This monk (Giuseppe himself) has formerly been a medical man, who, in the year 1858, when quite a youth, had gone to seek his fortune at Constantinople, where the doctors—the Hekim Bashis, as they are called by the Turks—are almost all Christians, and many of them Italians. On arriving there, he makes the acquaintance of some fellow countrymen, and very soon falls in love with the pretty daughter of one of them, Signor Scarpa. Ultimately he is betrothed to this captivating maiden, who goes by the name of Leonora; but, previously to that, he has some rough work to get through in making a position for himself as a medical man in the Turkish capital. It is not long before he discovers the corruption and cruelty of Moslem officials. He loses an appointment which had been promised him by a minister of the Sultan, because some intriguer has managed to secure it for himself; and he gets almost beaten to death in endeavouring to rescue from a savage policeman a Jew boy, who is quite beaten to death. However, at length he is appointed as the medical examining officer of recruits for the army, and is sent with Osman Effendi, the recruiting officer, to Salonica. Here he does not scruple to enrich himself by accepting bribes from the conscripts, and exempting them from service on false pleas of blindness, lameness, and the like, though others who are really incapacitated are forced to serve because of their inability to buy themselves off. He sees the Christians everywhere treated with horrible cruelty, against which he at first protests, but, finding this course likely to bring himself into trouble, and recollecting the adventure with the Constantinopolitan policeman, he ultimately thinks it better to hold his tongue. In the meanwhile, however, he gets into a serious dilemma. Overtaking one day a band of Christian prisoners who are being frightfully ill-used, he interferes for their protection, and releases from his bonds an Austrian priest, Padre Antonio. He afterwards lays their case before the Austrian consul, and even speaks on the subject to the pasha of the province, but is thrown into prison for his pains. The description of this

* The Hekim Bashi; or, the Adventures of Giuseppe Antonelli, a Doctor in the Turkish Service. By Humphry Sandwith, C.B., D.C.L., Author of "The Siege of Kars." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

prison will remind the reader of the accounts he has read of Neapolitan dungeons during the reign of Bomba:—

"The sudden change from the brilliant light of day to comparative darkness made it difficult for me at first to distinguish objects; but the first sensation experienced was that of a horrible, overpowering stench—a compound of villainous odours, the result of crowding together a mass of unclean human beings. The clank of chains, too, fell on my ears, accompanied by moans and the hum of human voices. I soon could see distinctly the details of the room I was in, and the forms which peopled it, for a broad streak of light fell direct from the court-yard through a good-sized aperture in the wall. A row of planks, raised about two feet from the ground, formed the sleeping-place for the prisoners, and some of these had a heap of dirty rags on which to lie; the greater number had to content themselves with the bare boards. There were about forty prisoners in a room scarcely thirty feet square. The ceiling being high saved us from rapid suffocation; moreover, the ill-fitting door afforded us some air, as did the hole which admitted light; nevertheless, the want of ventilation and cleanliness was horrible.

"I had scarce been half an hour in this horrible den, when the rattle of keys was heard, causing every one to turn his eyes to the door, which presently opened, throwing a dazzling light into the place for a moment, when two men entered, and quickly locked themselves in. I was roughly summoned to stand up, and these ruffians proceeded to fetter me with heavy chains. This was too much to be borne: I struggled, shrieked, and fought, and then by turns implored and cursed these functionaries. I had better have remained quiet, for I was soon knocked down and severely bruised; and, when tightly chained, was robbed of every little valuable on my person, and then left to ponder on this outrage, chained to a wretched Bulgarian, filthy and diseased. Fortunately for me, the poor creature was lethargic, which disposition suited me well, as I could do nothing, in my utter despair, but crouch by his side, and try to render myself as mentally torpid as possible. Never shall I forget the horrors of that first night in prison. I tried to sleep—I prayed to God for slumber—but in vain. My fetters galled me, and caused my feet to swell; the bruises on my body were agony to me as I turned on the hard boards, and the constrained posture made necessary by my comrade's position was a wearying torture. Add to this, the minor torment of irritating vermin, which swarmed over me, and infested all my clothing, making me loathsome to myself—and I have given cause enough for sleeplessness, independently of an unquiet mind."

He is subsequently released, confronted before the Grand Vizier with the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople, and induced to declare that the statements with reference to the ill-treatment of the Christians were all lies. The authorities, however, afraid that he will afterwards contradict himself, despatch him secretly to Trebizond, where, much against his will, he is forced to become the doctor of Hafiz Pasha, the governor. Hafiz is in time appointed to the government of Mosul, and Giuseppe accompanies him. On their way they are taken prisoners by a party of Arabs, and have a taste of nomadic life, from which, however, the noble old sheikh releases them, and they proceed to Mosul. But the Arabs are rebels, and the pasha cannot brook the indignity of seeing his power defied by them; so, finding himself unable to attack them in the open field, he persuades Giuseppe to accompany him on a feigned visit of friendship to the sheikh, and then to poison him in a cup of coffee. Giuseppe—who appears, according to his own account, to have been a sneak and a scoundrel, or to have become one very rapidly from the contagion of bad example—consents from fear, though the sheikh has behaved generously to the whole party, and the young Italian has conceived a regard for him. The Arab chief is accordingly disposed of by a dose of arsenic, and the pasha and the *medico* return to Mosul, where a frightful outbreak of cholera presently takes place. In this contagion, Giuseppe loses a valued Polish friend and his wife, and finds their beautiful young daughter thrown on his hands as her protector. He is wretch enough to connive at her betrayal into the arms of the licentious pasha, acting again through fear; but the girl goes mad, and dies from a broken blood-vessel. Giuseppe has by this time become a Mahometan, in the hope of advancement. He now lives in luxury and splendour, and, his match with Leonora being broken off, he marries another woman. Passing through many adventures and vicissitudes, we at length find him at Damascus during the appalling massacres of 1860, of which the supposed autobiographer gives a painfully vivid account. Here he meets with Leonora, whose parents have come to that fatal city, and been killed by the fanatical Mussulmans. Leonora herself is acting as a Sister of Charity; but she is poisoned while at her sacred work of attending the wounded. All happiness on earth is thus at an end for the unfortunate Italian doctor, and, being now once more a Christian, he returns to his own country, becomes a monk, and devotes his life to the poor sick people in the Hospital for Incurables at Pinerolo. Here he shines as the most exemplary, self-sacrificing, and righteous of men; but we confess we do not understand how one who has been guilty of so many mean and despicable acts can suddenly develop into such a model Christian.

It will have been seen from the foregoing sketch that "The Helim Bashi" is full of exciting incidents and powerful situations. Much of truth may also be included in the narrative; but the story can hardly be taken as an exact portraiture of Turkish life, for the author evidently writes with the most vehement hatred of the whole Osmanli race—in a spirit of what, as manifested by Mahometans towards Christians, he would call fanaticism. He probably hopes to influence English opinion against the Turks as Mrs. Beecher Stowe influenced it against the slave-holders of

America by her romance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is not likely to succeed to the same degree; yet his story is well worth reading. There can be no doubt that the cruelty, rapacity, and corruption of the pashas and their parasites are abominable; and, if we can rely on the following anecdote told by Dr. Sandwith in his Notes to Vol. II., our Government has been kept too much in the dark as to these facts:—

"When I was in Turkey in 1860, it was notorious that the British consuls had received hints from the embassy to refrain from reporting anything that could tell against the Turkish government. I was once conversing with a consul, and he told me stories of Turkish oppression that aroused my indignation. 'At least,' I remarked, 'you have the satisfaction of reporting these horrors to your Government.' 'By no means,' was his answer, 'I dare not report anything unfavourable to the Turks: such a course would be fatal to my career, since Sir H. Bulwer has given us to understand that we are always to take the part of the Turks.'"

This is a statement which Sir Henry Bulwer should contradict, if he is in a position to do so.

PUNCH FOR 1857-8.*

WITH the year 1857, *Punch* entered upon a phase of national politics even more tragic than that which so dolorously distinguished 1854-5. We were again at war; but this time, to war were added massacre and the nameless horrors of Oriental rage and ferocity. It was the year of the great Indian rebellion. The first news of that appalling catastrophe, however, did not arrive till about June, and consequently it is not in the first half-yearly volume for 1857 that we find this shadow darkening over Mr. *Punch's* merry pages. The great subjects in the early months were the war in China arising out of the dispute about the *lorcha Arrow*, the consequent defeat of the Palmerstonian Government on Mr. Cobden's motion condemning their conduct, the dissolution of Parliament, and the triumphant success of the Premier and his party on their "appeal to the country." Mr. *Punch*, who of late years has always taken a highly national tone, was of course very strong against John Chinaman. In the number for May 9th (the day before the Meerut massacre, and the very day on which the Indian mutiny commenced), we find a caricature representing Lord Palmerston holding the tail of a Chinese soldier, placarded as "The Destroyer of Women and Children," whom he is soundly lashing with a cat-o'-nine-tails, while the little hump-back looks on approvingly, and exclaims, "Give it him well, Pam, while you are about it!" On the opposite page, the Prime Minister is showing to Cobden a kind of vision of the murder of women and children by the Chinese, and asking him the question, "What can you say for your friends now, Richard?" Cobden, who is hugging a "tombola," gazes at the scene in dumb perplexity. Little did we all think, on the May morning when that picture made its appearance, that a far worse horror was just beginning nearer home, and under the rule of our own bayonets! Another topic for the satirist, at the commencement of the year, was the attempt of the King of Prussia to obtain Neuchâtel from the Swiss—an attempt supposed to be favoured by the Emperor Napoleon, but which ended in the Helvetic Federation retaining the canton, while the King of Prussia was still to be called "Prince of Neuchâtel;" an arrangement which Mr. *Punch* aptly satirised by representing a Swiss peasant bearing off the solid pudding, while the monarch contents himself with an inflated bladder, the motion of which in the air, as he holds the other end of the string, he is watching with childish delight. With regard to the late King of Prussia, we are pleased to observe in the introductory Notes an acknowledgment that the stories about his over-partiality to champagne were false. In reviewing a previous volume of this re-issue we observed that the reticence therein contained was not sufficiently explicit; and we are therefore glad to see the scandal honestly and plainly disposed of. The late king had political faults in plenty to answer for; but the assertion that he was a drivelling sot seems to have been a cruel libel. With this knowledge, it is extremely painful, in the old volumes of *Punch*, to find him so frequently represented, both by pen and pencil, as a helpless and shameless drunkard, sufficiently described by the nickname "King Clicquot." It is a great warning, as we have before remarked, against the too common habit of persistently running down individuals, no matter in what way, provided it will "tell."

The caricature for August 15 foreshadows the end of the East India Company as a governing power. Mr. *Punch*, as a bombardier, is blowing "John Company" from a gun. The criminal is bursting into several pieces, labelled "Avarice," "Misgovernment," "Blundering," "Nepotism," "Supineness." This, we are told, is "the blowing up there ought to be in Leadenhall-street." The following week presents us with "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger"—one of Mr. Tenniel's grand animal subjects, and among the most powerful and artistic he has ever executed. The Bengal tiger is trampling over and worrying the dead bodies of an Englishwoman and her child; but from the distant cliffs of England the British lion comes with one mighty bound on his adversary. The tiger, hearing the spring of the avenger and the

* *Punch*. Vols. XXXII.—XXXV., 1857-9. London: Bradbury & Evans. We have also just received the double volume for 1859, which we propose to combine with 1860 (the last of the reissue) in a final review.

preliminary roar of his wrath, looks up with grinning, cat-like face, the eyes almost closed by the wrinkled fur, and the mouth parted in the hiss of mingled defiance and fear. The energy and movement of the lion's figure—the ponderous bulk, yet arrowy speed and impulse, and the tragic intensity, if we may so speak, of the expression—are wonderfully delineated, and prove that Mr. Tenniel is unrivalled in this species of pictorial allegorising. Further on, we find Mr. *Punch* beating up for recruits for India, and satirising the shopmen for not volunteering, while leaving the girls to sell drapery and other such matters. The question was much discussed about that time, not only in connection with the necessity for troops to serve in India, but as part of the then rising agitation for extending the employment of women. We don't recollect that the shopmen availed themselves of the suggestion; but it gave our weekly wit occasion for a good deal of pleasantry, of which not the worst specimen is contained in this stanza of a poem called "Drumming for the Drapers:"—

"Right soon will the enemies know you,
As your war-cry goes higher and higher—
'What's the next thing we can show you?'
Then show them how Britons can fire.
Your charge (you can charge) be the Nemesis,
No need of Ghorkas or Sikhs:
We'll write upon Delhi, 'THESE PREMISES
MUST BE CLEAR'D OUT IN THREE WEEKS.'"

It is not pleasant, on glancing over this volume, to find that *Punch* encouraged, rather than sought to mitigate, the national thirst for vengeance on the Sepoys, which at that time ran to lengths which neither reason nor Christian morals can justify. The feeling was very natural under all the excitement of the time; but it is certainly disagreeable to look back upon now that the fever has past. Lord Canning was held up to ridicule—almost to execration—for his conciliatory policy; and by every incentive which literature and art could furnish the country was exhorted to devote the cities of India to fire and slaughter. It is a wretched, a frightful, an oppressive page of history; and we gladly turn it down, and hurry on.

In the course of 1857, *Punch* lost one of the most brilliant of his original staff—Douglas Jerrold. A poem to his memory appears in the number for June 20.

Palmerston fell very much out of favour with the satirist in 1858. The Orsini attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon, and the wild threats of the French colonels, induced the Premier to bring in a bill to amend the laws with relation to the crime of conspiracy to murder. This was very generally regarded as a base concession to the vapouring of the French press and army; the national indignation found expression in Parliament through the mouths of Derby, Disraeli, & Co., and Palmerston was suddenly toppled down. In one of the caricatures, the French Emperor and the English Minister are skating together on a piece of ice described as "Dangerous." The former has tripped the latter up; but the obsequious Viscount exclaims, "Oh, I beg your pardon, I am sure! I didn't hurt you, I trust!" In another sketch, his lordship is represented frightened at a Gallic cock dressed in military habiliments and crowing loudly. He flies for protection to his humped-backed friend, who says, "Nonsense, child! I thought they used to call you Plucky Pam!" Next week the censor relents. "Poor old boy!" ejaculates Dr. *Punch*, standing sublime in college cap and gown; "I didn't mean to hit you quite so hard; but you must really be more careful. Here's a nice plaister for you"—presenting a sheet with the words, "A Prize for his Russian Task," printed on it. "Discussion Forum," and the ludicrous mistake of the French Government with respect to that tavern debating club, are subjects for a good deal of fun. Mr. Leech depicts for us the "Forum" as "imagined by our volatile friends,"—a chamber where fierce and moody revolutionists, in the costume of the Robespierre epoch, plot anarchy over a bowl of blood,—and the same "Forum" as it is in reality, viz. the common room of a public-house, frequented by mild and sentimental gentlemen (some of them a little affected by grog), who spout harmless politics over chops and kidneys, pipes and rummers. The Parliamentary contests between the Derby-Disraeli Government and the Opposition furnished *Punch* with much matter both for writers and artists. Pam and Dizzy wrangle over their rival India bills; Ellenborough, as a performing elephant, tosses the chiefs of both parties in the air, as in fact he very nearly did by his resignation, in consequence of the unpopularity attending his despatch condemning Lord Clarendon's proclamation; and "Ben," as a prize-fighter, smashes "the Tiverton Pet" in a grand bruising-match, but is almost as badly handled himself. Towards the autumn, when the Queen was invited to see the French fort and arsenal at Cherbourg, the feeling of distrust of the Emperor Napoleon was strongly revived, and we see him depicted by Mr. Tenniel, in a drawing of great imaginative power and masterly execution, as a Sphinx looking out darkly and silently over an obscure and ominous waste.

The lighter topics of the two years are crinoline (of course)—the peg-top trousers of the gentlemen, to which *Punch* seems to have given that name—the marriage question, suggested by the well-known letters in the *Times*, which were considered to be dehortatory of poor matches—Rarey, the horse-tamer, whose achievements are made to give a hint for husband-taming,—and "the Cremorne fête," when aristocratic ladies and gentlemen took the Chelsea gardens for a night of pleasing dissipation, and got drenched in a remorseless rain.

VLADIMIR AND CATHERINE.*

THE title-page of this work gives very little idea of the real nature of its contents. Its claim to be considered a romance is very slight, and its assumption of historical dignity is barely justifiable. It is in reality a note-book, containing a number of stories relating to the society of Russia in general and that of Kief in particular, and embracing a variety of reflections on the government, politics, and prospects of the country, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Looked upon in this light, it is worthy of honourable mention, for it gives a considerable amount of valuable information about people in whom we ought to be interested, but of whom we are profoundly ignorant; and it has the merit of describing scenes which have been witnessed by very few writers who are capable of addressing us in our own language. But if it is treated as a novel, it will meet with but faint praise, for its story is uninteresting, its characters have no vitality, and the conversation in which they indulge is dreary in the extreme. Vladimir and Catherine, with their various friends, are mere pegs on which to hang the author's anecdotes, and so little does he realize their existence, that he does not even take the trouble to assure us of their final happiness.

The book is anonymous, and we are not in possession of any information regarding its writer; but we should imagine it must be the work of a foreigner. By such a supposition only can we account for the eccentric grammar which enlivens some of its pages, and the confusion in which many of its ideas are entangled. Possibly it may have been written in a foreign language, and hastily translated into English; a treatment which would account for the haziness of such passages as—

"Then he did feel frightened, for Catherine looked so strange; for the fact is, she fancied he looked strange, and spoke so. Her little heart somehow began to beat quickly; in fact—as is always the case when brought about thus, not by spontaneous combustion,—they both looked very silly."

The printer may be answerable for minor blunders, and therefore we may forgive the author for stating that "we, as an intimate in the Prince's house, was of course bound to attend," and that in Russian churches "no graven images are allowed, only paintings called *ekons*;" but a similar excuse cannot be pleaded for the labyrinthine difficulty of the following sentence:—

"That nasty supercilious manner, which, although it is sufficiently marked to be offensive, yet not enough so to admit of your resenting it, although you can hardly keep your leg from kicking the animal who is base enough to hurt your feelings in a way that he knows will screen himself from the necessity of giving satisfaction, for which he feels himself too cowardly."

It is unnecessary to give more than a brief sketch of the loves of Catherine and Vladimir. She is the daughter, he the nephew, of a wealthy proprietress of lands and serfs in the neighbourhood of Kief. That lady pays a visit to the city, and the cousins fall in love with each other in the most orthodox manner. Both are young, and Catherine is beautiful. "She was rather short, but her form was so beautifully proportioned that the idea of diminutiveness somehow vanished, as if you were aware that there was a greatness of soul within which outweighed all;" and indeed, "Nature, as she always does reproduce in her wonderful repository of all that exceeds art, had so done in this case,"—a remark which explains every difficulty. Vladimir adores her, but is too bashful to own his passion, until her mother abruptly says to him, "What do you say if I give you my Catherine?" to which he replies, "Oh, dear madam, I owe you so much already, but this last quite overpowers me. I cannot now find words to thank you." All goes well after this exciting scene, till one day the unfortunate Vladimir is carried off by the police on a vague charge of conspiracy. Catherine has a fever, and her mother is in despair. After a time comes a letter from the lost one, informing his mistress that he has been banished to Perm. The ladies resolve to make a vigorous effort to obtain his release, and the author, without the slightest warning as to his intentions, suddenly snaps the thread of his story, leaves all his characters in an agony of suspense, and plunges the sympathizing reader into an appendix, containing an account of a society for converting the Georgians. Is it possible that a chapter can be missing in our copy of the work?

So much for the romance. Now for the gossip contained in what it would have been better to have called "Kief Carplings; or, Draughts from the Dnieper." As a scandalous chronicle of an out-of-the-way city, it might have defied criticism, for its anecdotes are numerous and often amusing, and we can obtain from them a tolerably accurate idea of provincial Russian life. Kief (most unreasonably transformed by our author into Keiv) appears to be not an unpleasant dwelling-place for a couple of months in the summer, but at other times it is rather dull—and its merits have decreased of late. "About twenty years since, you could live here for one-half the expense of living in England; now it costs more than twice as much to live at Keiv as it costs to live in London." We fear that the extravagant habits of the ladies conduce towards this result, for "a grand ball will often cost the husband, for the ladies' outfit alone, fifty to one hundred pounds." Such luxury as this is the less excusable, inasmuch as many of the gentlemen have taken to dressing like peasants, in order to show their patriotism,

* Vladimir and Catherine; or, Keiv in the year 1831. An Historical Romance. By A Thirty Years' Resident in Russia. Chapman & Hall.

"though sometimes, forgetting the absurdity of the thing, they will have a peasant's dress of coarse cloth with a Paris tie and kid gloves." Our author appears to have a genuine admiration for the Russian ladies, and compares them favourably with their spiritual advisers:—

"By-the-bye (he says) there is a very pretty innocent custom abroad. You may without any impropriety kiss the pretty little hand of a lady acquaintance; and why not?—it is very friendly and very nice! You may also kiss the nasty, greasy, sometimes dirty hand of a Bishop, or of a Metropolitan; that is considered religious duty, and very nasty."

But he complains that you may not offer a lady your arm. "Thus you walk with ladies all higgledy-piggledy, in a very uncomfortable manner; and, moreover, ladies never think of keeping the step with you, so you go along like a flock of fowls." But they make excellent wives and mothers, even when their husbands are little suited to them. Sometimes, it seems,

"A parcel of old fools will not marry until they become generals, and then, forsooth, nothing less will satisfy them but a young lady of seventeen. It is well that the law does not admit any longer of marrying these little girls before they are sixteen. I know several ladies who married, before this law was made, at the age of twelve."

"Yes," said the mother, "thank God, that law is changed. I remember how common it was to see mothers not yet thirteen years of age."

Our author is decidedly partial to the Russians, but he forms a very bad opinion of the Poles. He never lets slip an opportunity of saying something to their discredit; but he confesses that the Russians cannot learn how to rule them.

"Upwards of thirty years' acquaintance with both people convinces me that they never can amalgamate; that it is to their mutual interest to separate."

"That the Poles find the Russian officials and Russian laws unbearable is not at all astonishing, when the Russians themselves find both insupportable, and cry out for thorough reform and a constitution!"

The Poles and Russians are only once found united throughout the book, and that is on the occasion of Ira Aldridge's impersonation of Othello. The performance took place under considerable difficulties. The tragedian declaimed in English, the other actors in Russian; but the effect was admirable.

"Never was any audience more enthusiastic. Struck by the truthfulness, the majesty of his acting—charmed by the splendour and happy choice of his costume, they were beside themselves: there was no end to the plaudits, the calling for him. This piece was succeeded by others—'Shylock' in the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'King Lear,' and 'Macbeth'—to houses crowded each night; then a repetition of them was asked for."

The students of both nationalities acted for once in harmony, placed the actor "every night in a commodious arm-chair, and carried him home into his very room,—cheering, as students will cheer, all the way."

Although our author takes a Russian view of Polish matters, he is not blind to the defects in Russian institutions. He tells a number of stories of the corruption prevalent among officials, and the ruinous stupidity of many members of the governing class. But these are acknowledged failings, and the Emperor is said to be perfectly well acquainted with them. On one occasion, we are told, Prince Vorontsov wrote to ask that he might be relieved from his duties as Governor of the Caucasus, as he was suffering from ophthalmia, adding that his work was nearly done, and that only one village remained to be ruined.

"The Emperor was much put out at the idea of losing Vorontsov; read this despatch in the presence of Prince Menshikoff, Count Keseloff, and several other ministers; and exclaimed, 'Who can we name to replace Vorontsov?'"

"Very easy to arrange that, may it please your Majesty!" said Menshikoff.

"Tell me, pray, who?"

"Why," said he, "there cannot be a more fit person for that post than Keseloff; for here is a question of ruining only one village. Now, he has ruined fifty-two provinces in so short a time, that he has given sufficient proof of his ability; it will be nothing for him to ruin this village!"

"The Emperor was displeased, and said, 'Enough, Prince!'"

"The Council was then immediately broken up, and eventually Count Keseloff was named as ambassador at Paris."

Of the oppressive conduct of the officials, many stories are told; and, as living characters figure in them under their real names—a little disguised, it is true, by the writer's singular theory of orthography—they are generally interesting. A very unfavourable account is given of General Bibikov, and it is the more valuable as it comes from an antagonist of his principal objects of hatred, the Poles. It is possible that our author may have been a candidate for the chair of English literature, into which Bibikov succeeded in thrusting an incapable client, in spite of the opposition of the other professors, for he dwells at length upon that subject. But few generals obtain favour in his eyes, and he is perpetually relating anecdotes at their expense. The following is a romantic version of one that has been told before of a French officer:—A former governor of Kief was walking with a lady in the public garden, when she stopped to admire a certain rose-bush, but

expressed her regret that the flowers would soon be plucked. The governor assured her that no one beside herself should touch a single blossom, and ordered a sentry to keep watch over the bush. Years rolled on; the lady married, the governor died, many things changed, but a sentry still kept watch over the rose-bush in the garden. At last a new governor arrived, and, in one of his walks, he discovered an unaccountable sentry-box, tenanted by a purposeless soldier. Puzzled at finding him there, he endeavoured to account for his presence, but for a long time no one could throw any light on the subject. At last, in a mouldering orderly book, an entry was found, stating that until further orders a sentry was to keep guard day and night over a certain rose-bush in the public garden. The order had never been countermanded, and so the sentinel still kept his solitary watch, long after the governor, and the lady, and the rose-bush, had turned into dust.

SAVAGE LIFE.*

WE reviewed last week a book of travels in Abyssinia, describing the manners and habits of the almost barbarous natives of that country. We have now to notice a work containing a complete account of the life, customs, forms of government, religious observances, &c., of the savage race generally, ranging from the Esquimaux of the polar regions, through the Iroquois and Choctaw Indians of Northern and Central America, and the Negroes and Caffres of Equatorial and Southern Africa, to the native tribes of Australia and the aborigines of New Zealand and of the group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean known as Polynesia. The two handsome volumes published by Mr. Beeton, under the title of "Curiosities of Savage Life," are embellished with numerous woodcuts engraved by Mr. Newsom Woods, from designs by Mr. H. S. Melville, and with chromo-lithographic illustrations from water-colour drawings by F. W. Keyl and R. Huttula. Like the volume on Abyssinia, the work is merely a compiled narrative of facts collected from the travels and journals of Bruce, Adair, Catlin, Kohl, Petherick, Du Chailu, Parkyns, Sir James Brooke, Mr. Spencer St. John, Captain Speke, and other travellers and missionaries, "who from time to time have explored the earth's far-away nooks and corners, recording the marvellous things they have heard and seen." It differs, however, from Mr. Dalton's work in its mode of narration, being simply a description of savage life in all its phases and stages, sometimes told by the compiler himself in his own words, and at others in those of the travellers on whom he depends as his authorities. Mr. Greenwood says in his introduction that the plan he proposes to adopt "is to take savage life from its beginning to its ending; to peep into the savage baby's cradle in whatever part of the world it is to be found; to take an interest in his boyhood, and to mark his behaviour at that interesting period." From thence he traces him in his onward progress through the chief events of his life (not forgetting his courtship and marriage) to his death and burial. The volumes comprise the whole of the numerous tribes that inhabit the different parts of the globe, including those who are sunk into such depths of barbarism as to be almost on a par with brute animals, and those whose intercourse with European settlers, and consequent knowledge of European civilisation, has raised them some few steps above the level of positive savages. It is singular, however, that even amongst some of those herds of barbarians who appear to occupy the lowest station in the scale of human beings, and would, therefore, seem to be in a state of the most benighted ignorance, we see in their religious rites unmistakable evidences of the idea of a God, of the soul, and of a future existence, while among others we hear of a deluge and even of a paradise. The Polynesian children were familiar with many of the sports and pastimes "common amongst our youngsters" long before those islanders had the least communication with Europeans; and some of the aboriginal natives of Central America have a kind of literature of their own, consisting of fairy tales and traditional stories, not at all unlike the Gothic and Scandinavian legendary lore of Europe. Mr. Greenwood's work is curious and entertaining, and will be a valuable addition to the juvenile reader's library. Mr. Beeton is certainly one of the most assiduous and judicious publishers for boys that we have; and our youth ought to vote him a statue.

MEDICAL SCIENCE UNDER THE ANGLO-SAXONS.†

WE have received three new volumes of the Chronicles and Memorials published by her Majesty's Treasury under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The first we open is a volume of Monastic Chronicles, to which we shall take an early opportunity of devoting a separate notice. The second is a Life of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, which will come better under review in one of our papers on the Saints and their Legends. The third, and certainly the most curious, gives us a view of the medicinal knowledge of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and we will at once introduce it to our readers.

* *Curiosities of Savage Life.* By James Greenwood, Author of "Wild Sports of the World." London: Beeton.

† *Leechdoms, Wartcunning, and Starcraft of Early England, being a Collection of Documents, for the most part never before printed, illustrating the History of Science in this Country before the Norman Conquest.* Collected and Edited by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., Cantab. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

We think that the Master of the Rolls has done wisely in extending the limits within which are included what are called historical monuments, and in admitting to a certain extent the history of science, of religion and intelligence, of literature, and even of medicine; for the bearing of all these upon political history is vast and manifold. Perhaps no science is more interesting and important in its historico-political bearing than the one last mentioned, because the health of the people is connected in many ways with the prosperity of the state. Hence a treatise on medicine, which belongs to an early period, may give us insight into political conditions and political relations which we could never hope to get elsewhere. From a practical work on medicine we might obtain at least approximate statistics of disease at a particular period, and that would be a matter of no little importance. The prevalence of some classes of maladies, such as fevers, bites of wild or venomous animals, or wounds received in various manners, would make us acquainted with the physical character of the country, how it was covered with forests, and thus over-run with wild beasts, or subject to inundations; what were the variations of climate, and to what extent or in what manner human life was exposed to risk: the prevalence of other diseases would show us how the public health was affected by bad diet, the want of domestic comfort, and other similar causes, or, in other words, would throw a great light on the social condition of the people. It is hardly necessary to say that knowledge of this description is of very great value to explain the history of nations.

Unfortunately, the medical treatises of the Anglo-Saxon period are not of a very practical character—that is, they cannot be understood as representing exactly the practice of an Anglo-Saxon physician. Before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, their only medical practitioner was the priest, or the wise man or woman; the *leech* (in later English, *leech*) was simply a quack of the worst description. He employed herbs and other things, but their efficacy seems to have been considered as merely dependent on the forms with which and the time at which they were gathered; the only principle on which the doctor relied was that of faith, or the belief of the patient in the cure which was to be worked upon him. The healing art in fact was a mere trust in charms. The Christian missionaries were almost as ignorant as the untutored people they came to convert, and they confirmed the same belief in charms, only giving them, as far as they could, Christian forms—that is, substituting for the heathen or mythic personages invoked, the names of the Redeemer and of the saints of the Catholic Church. But a change took place, as education, in its mediæval way, spread and gained ground. Until after the Anglo-Saxon period, mediæval education, in this country at least, was founded entirely upon what were called authorities: there was hardly any teaching from experience; it was a mere learning by rote the doctrines of the old Roman schools, and in selecting these authorities the mediæval teachers ignored all the medical science of the celebrated Greek and Roman writers, and merely adopted popular manuals, compiled at a period when the Romans were almost as ignorant as the barbarians, such as the “Herbarium,” ascribed to Apuleius, and a treatise which bears the name of “Sextus Placitus.” To these books or authorities, men who sought knowledge in their profession superior to the common quack had resort, and for their benefit, as they probably seldom knew much Latin, the books were translated into Anglo-Saxon,—the translators, as usual, sometimes misunderstanding their text, often taking liberties with it, and occasionally making additions of their own. These translations, unfortunately, form all the Anglo-Saxon medical literature we possess, except a few charms and receipts written in the margins and blank spaces of the books.

Thus it will be seen that the texts printed in the present volume give us only negative information on the state of medical science among the Anglo-Saxons. We can assume, from the very equivocal character of the knowledge they sought from abroad, how imperfect must that have been which they possessed at home. The books which Mr. Cockayne has edited are the Anglo-Saxon translations of the Herbarium, or Herbal, published under the name of Apuleius, and the Medicina de Quadrupedibus of Sextus Placitus, with a sort of supplement to the former, compiled from Dioscorides and other writers. Of the receipts given in these books, many are absurd, and some impracticable or impossible, so that only a portion of them could have been really employed; and they must have been the more difficult, as the translator evidently did not always understand the text, or know what were the plants intended, and some of them were not produced in this island. It is doubtful, even, if he always understood what disease was meant by the words of his Latin original; so that certainly, in the hands of such physicians as used these books, the chance of being killed was much greater than that of being cured. The chief ingredients of the primitive pharmacopœia consisted of herbs, which explains the popularity of the Herbarium, of which not less than four copies, and those mostly handsome manuscripts, still exist. Its directions are often enveloped in a mysterious diction, and are aimed against mysterious diseases, which must have exactly suited the taste of the Anglo-Saxon “leeches.” Thus, of the felt-wort, or mullein (*verbascum thapsus*), we are informed that, “If one beareth with him one twig of this wort, he will not be terrified with any awe, nor will a wild beast hurt him, or any evil coming near.” Of another plant:—“He who will travel an over-long way, let him have with him on the journey the wort which one nameth Heraclea; then he dreads not any robber, but the wort puts them all to flight.” Here again is a virtue of a very

common herb, the nettle (*urtica*), which is probably known to few of our readers:—

“In order that thou may not suffer by cold, take this same wort *urtica*, sodden in oil, then smear therewith the hands and all the body; thou shalt not perceive then the cold on all thy body.”

Still more extraordinary are the virtues of the periwinkle (*vinca major*):—

“This wort, which is named *priapiscus*, and by another name, *vinca pervinca*, is of good advantage for many purposes, that is to say, first, against devil sicknesses, or *demoniacal possessions*, and against snakes, and against wild beasts, and against poisons, and for various wishes, and for envy, and for terror, and that thou may have grace; and if thou hast this wort with thee, thou shalt be prosperous, and ever acceptable.”

Then we are told at what time of the moon, and with what ceremonies, this plant is to be gathered, in order that these interesting virtues may be secured. The medicines from animals are still more absurd, and many of them, if put in practice, barbarously cruel. Thus, for diseases of the joints, you are to take a fox and boil it *alive* (!), and make a bath of the broth; and this is to be repeated frequently. A very powerful medicine was to be made of the teeth of a badger, drawn from his jaws while he was alive, while the operator recited a charm. The virtues of a comb are rather remarkable. In a complaint to which women are liable—

“Take the comb with which she alone combed her head, and with which no other person has combed or shall comb. Under the tree morbeam [the mulberry-tree] there let her comb her hair; let her gather what is lost in the comb, and hang it on an upstanding twig of the morbeam; and again after a while, when clean, let her gather it from the twig, and preserve it.”

In books of this kind we sometimes find a passing intimation or allusion which enables us to correct remarkable errors in the history of inventions and usages, and we may point out what seems to be one such correction in the book before us. It has been generally asserted that the employment of hops in brewing was first introduced at a very recent period. Now we find in one of the early Latin and Anglo-Saxon glossaries, among names of plants, “*Humblonis* (for *humulus*), *hege-hymeles*,” i.e., the hedge-hop. This name would seem to indicate the existence of a cultivated hop, and it has been asked, reasonably enough, for what could the hop be cultivated, unless to serve as an ingredient in the composition of ale? In the translation of the treatise of the pretended Apuleius in the volume before us, the translator, speaking of the hop (*hymele*), remarks:—“This wort is to that degree laudable that men mix it with their usual drinks.” The editor makes a note on this passage, which we suppose means that it is an addition by the Anglo-Saxon translator to the original text; but he has a peculiar style of writing English, which renders it difficult sometimes to be quite sure what he means. At all events, we can hardly doubt from this allusion that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers did put hops in their ale.

This volume is, from many points of view, a curious and interesting book; the texts are edited with great labour and care, and, we think, well. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Cockayne relates to the circumstance last alluded to, the affected style he has adopted of writing the English language. The very title of the book will mystify most readers. Mr. Cockayne seems to have conceived a notion that the way to translate an Anglo-Saxon word is to represent it by any modern English word derived from it, whether it has the same meaning or not. By way of example, we may say that he appears to have taken in especial favour the verb to *kindle*, which is a derivation from the Anglo-Saxon *cennan*, to bring forth young; but the modern word is used in very restricted senses. Thus we are told (p. 187) what treatment is required “in case that women kindle with difficulty;” and on another occasion (p. 315) we are told of a plant which “is kindled in Italy.” Then, again, the Anglo-Saxon word *enucian* means, among other things, to pound or beat up, and from it is derived our modern verb to knock; so Mr. Cockayne treats us sometimes with such phrases as that in which we are told that white hellebore is to be “dried and knocked to dust,” and administered in warm water. The reader would be puzzled to guess the meaning of a plant “blossoming with its mainfulnesses” (p. 315). We regret these blemishes in a valuable book. Any one who likes may publish such childish conceits to please himself; but in books printed for the public utility, and at the cost of the nation, some respect ought to be shown to her Majesty’s English.

THE JEW: A POEM.*

THE subject of the Wandering Jew will probably always be attractive both to readers and writers of an imaginative cast of mind; but, though the legend is always capable of poetical treatment, it is not, therefore, for obvious reasons, eminently suitable to poetical purposes. Of a life supposed to extend over about 2,000 years, the poet or the *memoiriste* can only treat sectionally or by fragments. The most interesting point in his career, as at present depicted, is the commencement, for no writer has had the courage to depict its consummation. Nevertheless, the little poem before

* The Jew. A Poem. By Frederick Cerny. London: Bell & Daldy.

us has much merit. The author is happier in his verse than in his subject. Brief and fragmentary as his performance is, it is full of thought. When he begins in this strain—

"My speech shall be of things
Great beyond measure and all human scan.
So would I speak,
Even as the starry universe, that sings
Its unknown harmony for aye to man,"—

it must be understood that it is not the author, but his hero, who is thus supposed to address the reader.

The Jew, after the crucifixion, visits Golgotha at night; the earth opens, and from the fathomless profound, black as ink, and starless, rises something:—

"I started; for I was not there alone:
A figure, dark and dire,
Stood at my side; towering and bright was he,
Like a colossus of black marble hewn,
All save his eyes of fire:
These, with a lurid glare,
Seemed to give light unto themselves alone."

He has subsequently a vision of hell and its inmates, and hears Satan address the nether powers. But into these regions, poetically speaking, it is not necessary to induct the reader. Subsequent divisions of the poem are simply entitled "A Man, and a Woman," and contain, as might be supposed, reminiscences of tender affections, and expressions of weariness of soul at his protracted existence on earth. The following lines, tersely expressed, give evidence of thoughtfulness:—

"The leaden calf of chance,
Which man has set up in his market-place
And clothed with power,
Is but the image of his ignorance;
This worships he with all-unblushing face,
Yielding to it his own immortal dower
Of knowledge. Chance begins
Where knowledge ends. That is but chance which lies
Beyond our ken."

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.*

THE simplicity of this story is its chief recommendation. It turns entirely upon the occurrence of a dreadful railway accident, by which, along with a number of other victims, a young lady travelling in a first-class carriage is killed, and her features unfortunately so mutilated that identification by these means at least is rendered impossible. An infant on her knee, being saved, is found enveloped in a Scotch tartan, fastened by means of a silver brooch in the form of a crest; and these two articles, with the addition of a wedding-ring of a peculiar description, with motto engraved inside, identical with that attached to the family crest aforesaid, lead, after the lapse of eighteen years, to highly satisfactory results. The infant, a girl, found under these distressing circumstances by a kind-hearted physician called in by the railway authorities on the occasion of the disaster, is commended by him to the care of a benevolent lady, Miss Moreton, the "old maid" of the narrative—in whose life the incident just alluded to forms one of the principal "passages"—and is adopted and brought up by her with every mark of tenderness and affection. Very soon after this event, Miss Moreton receives the unexpected, but welcome intelligence, from certain solicitors, that, by default of lives in another branch of her family, she has become the legal inheritress of entailed estates, yielding a rental of between three and four thousand a year. She accordingly quietly succeeds to this property; and, as years pass on, the young and beautiful girl whom, as a foundling, she had from the first so generously provided for, is regarded naturally by all around her as her probable and worthy heiress. The eventual clearing up of the mystery connected with the birth and parentage of the railway foundling, the recognition between herself and father, the vindication of her mother's name by the discovery of her secret marriage, and the identification of the latter as a long-lost cousin of Miss Moreton, her benefactress and foster-mother, are events ingeniously imagined and pathetically described. Other personages who figure in more or less important parts of this story are, some of them, as follows, the author being lavish in drolleries of nomenclature:—Messrs. Hopkins, Popkins, and Fopkins, solicitors; Dr. Pillbolus, M.D.; Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby Plausible; the Rev. Dr. MacMealey, and his curate, the Rev. Mr. Muffinworrier; the Rev. Tobias Toad-hunter; Lord Addlepat Thickhead; Sir Turtle Codfish; Sir Beriah Bumblebug; Tom Tintacks, &c. The story is enlivened by the introduction of opposing influences of noble families in county politics, the professional polemics of ecclesiastical and Dissenting authorities, and the numerous disgraces and disasters, at all times too rife in the local excitement attending such events, of a contested borough election.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Poetry and Poets of Britain. By Daniel Scrymgeour (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black).—Encouraged by the success which attended the first edition of his work, Mr. Scrymgeour has brought out a second, printed in a form more adapted to the library or the drawing-room table,

* *Passages in the Life of an Old Maid.* By J. C. K. London: Saunders, Ottley, & Co.

and enlarged and revised, with the addition of passages from the American poets. It now appears in a thick volume, closely but clearly printed, liberally though not superfluously annotated, and illustrated with portraits of great authors. A short essay on the "Origin and Progress of English Poetry" precedes the selections, and brief biographical memoirs accompany them. The photograph of Tennyson, which is given as a frontispiece, is admirably executed; but we cannot say much for the woodcut portraits, which are very feeble misrepresentations of noble faces. We might also sometimes object to Mr. Scrymgeour's critical views, but are content with recommending his volume as an agreeable cento of English poetry, particularly acceptable to those whose poetical library is not well stocked.

Thomson's Winter: with a Life of the Poet, Notes Critical, Explanatory, and Grammatical, and Remarks on the Analysis of Sentences, with Illustrative Examples for the Use of Schools. By Walter M'Leod, F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L., &c. (London: Longman & Co.)—Mr. M'Leod says that his edition of Thomson's poem "is specially intended for pupils qualifying for the Oxford Local Examinations in May." Junior candidates, it appears, will be required to satisfy the examiners in "the analysis and parsing of a passage taken from 'Winter' in Thomson's 'Seasons';" and to provide candidates with a manual of the necessary information is the object of Mr. M'Leod's publication. The grammatical analysis appears to be very full, elaborate, and careful, and some notes of a more general and critical nature are added. The whole will no doubt be very acceptable to students.

Dictionary of Universal Information (London: S. O. Beeton).—Having already described "persons and places" in the first volume of his "Dictionary of Universal Information," Mr. Beeton now completes the circle of knowledge by a second volume on the same principle, devoted to "a full and faithful account of the forces which animate nature, and which are incessantly acting upon mankind,—of the elements of which all things are composed,—of inventions of every kind, and of every art and process to which the genius of man has given birth." The work is in fact a miniature cyclopædia of arts and sciences, if indeed the word miniature can be applied to a book which is almost as thick as the "London Post Office Directory," and printed in very small type. Condensation and compactness, however, were manifestly among the objects of the editor and compilers; and these have been attained. A vast amount of information on a vast number of subjects is here concentrated within limits which make us think of the gigantic genie in the "Arabian Nights" shut up in his brazen casket. After all, your true genie is knowledge. You may enclose him in a little space, though his natural dimensions be incalculable, and his power the most enormous of any sublimity thing. We have certainly never seen a more successful instance of "bottling" than this which now lies before us. It is really an excellent and most useful Dictionary, and, being published at 7s. 6d., is a marvel of cheapness.

Emigration, with Special Reference to Minnesota, U.S., and British Columbia. By Thomas Rawlings (London: Clayton & Co.)—Mr. Rawlings has dwelt for nearly a quarter of a century in North America, and therefore speaks from experience when he recommends intending emigrants to turn their steps towards British Columbia and Minnesota—the latter a new State lying west of Wisconsin and the great lakes, watered by the Mississippi, and consisting of vast plains capable of growing corn and other agricultural produce to an immense extent. The various advantages belonging to these regions are set forth in this pamphlet succinctly, yet fully; and we should certainly recommend emigrants to study the facts before making up their minds as to their ultimate place of destination.

The Boatman. By Pisistratus Caxton (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons).—Sir Bulwer Lytton has reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* his striking poem under the above title. It is an allegory of life;—the Boatman representing Time; the person who sits with him, any human being; the river, the current of existence; the changes on the banks, the ordinary vicissitudes of the world; and the sea, futurity. The notion is as old as allegory itself; but it is treated by Sir Bulwer Lytton with a good deal of picturesqueness and lyrical expression, though not without a touch of that besetting commonplace which is so apt to mix itself up with the author's rhapsodies. The throb and flux of the metre, however, answer admirably to the subject of the poem.

The first numbers of two illustrated editions of Goldsmith, commencing with "The Vicar of Wakefield," are just out. They are issued respectively by Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, and Ward & Lock, and the latter is distinguished as "Dalziel's Edition." Both are handsomely brought out. The brothers Dalziel, we perceive, are about to issue a series of illustrated British classics in penny numbers. We have no doubt there will be a large demand for such a series, which is greatly wanted; but we wish our publishers would not give way so much to the unsightly affectation of tinted paper, old-fashioned type, and a harsh, antique style of wood engraving.

The second number of the *Autographic Mirror* (which is now to be published twice instead of three times a month, and at a shilling instead of sixpence) contains a Latin letter of Christian IV. of Denmark, the brother-in-law of our James I., addressed to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, previous to the rupture between Denmark and Sweden; letters from Sir Philip Sidney, Washington, Nelson, Nesselrode, Metternich, General Dumouriez, Lord Ellesmere, Coleridge, the Countess of Derby (Miss Farren), Mrs. Trollope, Charles Kean, and Charles Mathews; with fac-similes of a capital sketch by Thackeray of Dionysius Diddler, and of a rough pen-and-ink drawing of an old hack horse at the bottom of a letter from Mr. Leech. The accompanying notices might be better done. They are written too much in one note of indiscriminate praise.

Part III. of *Christian Work*, for March, contains a large amount of information relative to religious and missionary doings.

The March parts of the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* are before us. They are full of the usual variety of entertaining matter.

The *Musical Monthly* (No. III.), besides a piece of music with an illustrated title-page, called "Spring Time is coming," presents its readers with a miscellaneous collection of tales, essays, and poetry.

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LITERARY GOSSIP.

WHO is to publish her Majesty's new book? The first publication from the Royal pen was issued, we believe, in 1834, when the Princess Alexandrina Victoria was in her sixteenth year. It was a small volume of poetry—a mere pamphlet—and was only distributed amongst the immediate members of the Royal circle. A copy was sold at the sale of the library of the Princess Elizabeth about two years since. That her Majesty is engaged upon a literary undertaking connected with the history of her reign, has certainly been stated in various Continental journals, which, upon all matters relative to the proceedings of royalty in this country, appear to possess some secret sources of information not open to the home journals. A few days since, the Government organ trusted “that her Majesty may muster courage to enter again into public life, for the danger of long seclusion is not slight. By slow but sure degrees the mind becomes weaned from external objects, and turns in upon itself with an eagerness that is not bracing, but exhausting.” A week before this, the *Coburg Gazette* informed its readers that “Queen Victoria is engaged in writing the memoirs of her life and times.” Supposing this statement to be true, it certainly offers some explanation as to her Majesty's late absence from anything like public display. We therefore repeat, Who is to publish the work?

Mr. Bohn, the well-known bookseller of York-street, Covent Garden, has just sold his publishing business, including his famous “Standard,” “Classical,” “Illustrated,” and “Antiquarian Libraries,” to Messrs. Bell and Daldy, of Fleet-street.

Duval, the name of the hero of Thackeray's last story, was a favourite one with the author. In his articles in *Fraser*, a Duval is frequently mentioned, and in his better-known Christmas publication, “Dr. Birch and his Young Friends,” Duval is the pirate of the school, who never has a shilling but what he levies from the other boys.

Mr. Hain Friswell is preparing a second edition of his “Life Portraits of Shakespeare.” Photographs of the cast after death in the British Museum, and the Ashbourne Portrait, will be new features in this work.

Part of a very interesting correspondence between Pope and Warburton, consisting of 150 letters, has been just purchased from a member of the family of the latter by the trustees of the British Museum. These letters have never yet been published.

The library of the late Bishop of Ely has just been sold by auction at Ely House, in Dover-street, Piccadilly. The collection included the works of the Fathers of the Church, and other scarce and interesting books on theology, critical editions of the Greek and Latin authors, and the usual classical works. The volumes that attracted most attention were fine copies of the second and fourth editions of the folio Shakespeare.

Sterne's statement, that in France they do certain things better than they do here, might have been very appropriately adapted to Italy, at Pisa, on the 21st ult. On that day, the tercentenary anniversary of the birth of Galileo was celebrated with great solemnity. The programme of the festival appears to have been conceived, and the arrangements seem to have been carried out, in a way to shame those of our countrymen who have been quarrelling about the best and most fitting method of celebrating Shakespeare's natal day.

The third edition of the “Slang Dictionary” now in the press will contain, it is said, fully 3,000 more unauthorized words and colloquial expressions than the preceding edition. In France, however, matters are quite as bad as here. An English gentleman long resident in Paris is now engaged compiling a French and English Slang Dictionary. A correspondent has very recently enlightened us upon the Parisian term, *mouchard*. He says:—“In the vocabulary of the secret police, the terms ‘mouchard’ and ‘mouton’ are the two which are most familiar to those who are uninitiated in its mysteries. The word ‘mouchard’ is not of modern origin. A certain Antoine de Mouchy, otherwise Democharis, a doctor of the Sorbonne and canon of Noyon, in 1574 acquired an unenviable notoriety among his contemporaries by his zeal against the Reformers, and was appointed ‘Inquisitor of the Faith.’ The Reformers who were persecuted by, and who naturally hated him, gave the name of *mouchards* to those whom he employed as spies to hunt out dissenters. In his ‘History of the Parliament of Paris,’ Voltaire says:—‘The famous Mouchy was in reality an informer, a spy of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and it was for him that the nickname of Mouchard was invented, and which designated all spies. The term has become an insult.’ Other authorities will have it that it comes from *mouche*, a fly, because the *mouchard*, like the fly, is ever buzzing about the ears of people. ‘Mouton’ is applied to an agent who, a prisoner himself, is employed to lead the conversation of his fellows in conspiracies, and to gradually tempt them to disclose their plots with the same apparent frankness that he reveals his own. They follow him as a flock of sheep follow their leader. Agents of this kind are employed in most political conspiracies, and when all is ready they either disappear or may be included among the arrested—as a matter of form, and when brought to trial inform against their accomplices or those who confide their secrets to them.”

The anniversary festival of the Royal Literary Fund is this year to be presided over by the Prince of Wales. It will be held in St. James's Hall.

The proprietor of the *Family Herald* has been moving in Vice-Chancellor Wood's Court for an injunction to restrain the publishers of the *English Girl's Journal* and *Ladies' Magazine* from publishing any articles or passages copied from any of the numbers of the *Family Herald*, and from selling any numbers of their private publication. Some time since, the publishers of the *English Girl's Journal* entered into an undertaking not to poach upon the *Family Herald* preserves; but recently they have been bagging more literary game, and have thought proper to issue advertisements announcing their intention to publish reprints from the little domestic paper that has now for many years associated itself with almost every household in the country.

Mr. George Phillipson, Secretary to St. Thomas's, Charter-house, Goswell-street, has issued an appeal on behalf of “a literary gentle-

men of high repute, whose works have been favourably received by the public, and whose private character is conspicuous for moral worth and acknowledged integrity, who has been suddenly precipitated, through misplaced confidence and subsequent seizure of all he possessed (aggravated by illness), into so helpless a condition as to necessitate immediate relief to save him from ruin, and enable him to resume his numerous labours.” The merits of the case, it is added, can be attested by a minister of the Church of England, and subscriptions are received by Mr. Phillipson.

The Rev. A. B. Grosart, of Kinross, well known as the editor of “The Puritan Fathers,” now in course of republication in Scotland, is at present in the Holy Land. It is said that he has been commissioned, by the British Consul at Jerusalem, to convey a box containing water from the river Jordan to be used in the baptism of the royal infant. The Messrs. Macmillan, of Cambridge, have retained the services of this gentleman for their new edition of quaint old Thomas Fuller's popular little books, “The Holy Warre,” and “The Holy and Profane State.”

Another Postage Stamp Magazine is announced for publication on the 15th inst., by a Manchester firm. Its title is to be “Once a Month,”—a not very expressive name for a stamp collector's advertising medium. This makes the tenth publication of a similar character now in circulation in Great Britain.

Mr. Gilbert, the autho. of “Shirley Hall Asylum,” has a new novel in the press, entitled “The Goldsworthy Family; or, the Country Attorney.”

Hugh Miller's paper, the *Edinburgh Witness*, well known as the principal organ of the Free Church of Scotland, has ceased to appear.

A correspondent in Paris informs us that the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in its sitting of Saturday elected Mr. Grote, of London, foreign associate, in the place of the late Lord Macaulay; M. Keroyn de Lettenhove, of Brussels, correspondent in the section of General and Philosophical History, in the place of M. Martinez de la Rosa; and M. Daniol, of Clermont-Ferrand, correspondent in the section of Politics, Administration, and Finance, in the place of M. Leber.

Volume after volume of the “Correspondence de Napoleon I.” is rapidly being published by the orders of Napoleon III. The fifteenth volume has just appeared from the press of H. Plon. It embraces the second period from the 1st of December, 1806, to the 31st of March, 1807, and commences with the continental blockade and the entry into Warsaw. The letters are dated from Posen, Warsaw, Eylau, Osterode, &c. It is unnecessary to say a word on the interest of such a work.

Amongst other interesting French works lately published we may also mention the second volume of “Les Drame de l'Orient,” by Marius Fontane; the fourth edition of the first volume of Les Marchands de Femmes; a new edition of General Daumas' work, “Les Chevaux du Sahara et les Mœurs du Désert,” with a commentary by Abd-el-Kader, and “Les Institutions Militaires de la France avant les Armées permanentes.”

M. le Chevalier de Chatelain has just published a new volume of poetry, consisting of imitations of Oriental poems. The book is entitled “Perles de l'Orient.”

The editors of the *Journal des Debats* announce that their “colleague and friend,” M. Renan, will publish immediately a popular edition of his “Vie de Jésus,” at 1f. 25c. This same paper also prints *in extenso* the introduction to this work, in which the author explains the object he has had in view, and the means he has taken to make his book accessible to all.

Another book of a like description will also appear soon, entitled, “Histoire Elementaire et Critique de Jésus,” by M. A. Peyrat.

M. Antonin Rondeles, a very successful French writer, has just published an interesting philosophic work, entitled, “La Morale de la Richesse,” which is likely to receive the same attention his former works have met with.

A new illustrated periodical has appeared in Italy, bearing the curious title of “La Scienza, a Dieci Centesimi,” which may be translated “Penny Science.”

EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.—Some of the members of the Philological Society, being anxious to continue the publication of Early English Texts, such as the “Early English Poems,” and “Lives of the Saints,”—which that society lately commenced, but has now for a time resolved to discontinue,—have formed a committee for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and printing Early English Manuscripts. A vast mass of our early literature is still unprinted, and much that has been printed has been brought out by printing clubs, for private circulation only, and might, as far as the public is concerned, as well have remained in manuscript. The Early English Text Society aims at putting forth an octavo series of Early English Texts, some printed for the first time, others re-edited from the manuscripts from which they were originally printed, or from earlier ones, if such are known to exist. Reprints of scarce printed books will not be excluded. The probable practical value of the work—whether linguistic, historic, sociologic, or literary—is the test adopted in determining the publication; but the whole of the Arthur Romances in English will, if possible, be produced. The extent of operations must depend on the amount of subscriptions; but the committee expect to issue during the first year, for the first guinea paid, the following texts:—I. For the further illustration of the passage of English from its so-called Semi-Saxon into the Early English one, three Tracts of about the date 1220-1230.—1. *Si Sciret*, “a fanciful piece on the text *Si Sciret Paterfamilias*.” 2. *Hali Meidenhad*. 3. The Wooing of our Lord, or *Wohung of ure Loeerd*. To be edited, from the MS. Reg. 17 A. xxvii. in the British Museum, by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne. II. Four Early English Alliterative Poems. To be edited by Mr. Richard Morris, from the Cottonian MS. Nero A. x., supposed to be unique. The first work of the Arthur series will probably be the prose Merlin, or “Early History of Arthur,” from the MS. in the Cambridge University Library, hitherto unnoticed by bibliographers and editors of Arthur Romances. This will be edited by Mr. Furnivall.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Anderson (R. F. L. M.), Seven Months in Russian Poland. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Bigg (J.), General Railway Acts, 1860-63: with Notes. 12mo., 8s.
 Bland (W.), Principles of Agriculture. 2nd edit. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Brady (Dr. W. M.), Records of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross. 2 vols. 8vo., £2. 2s.
 Brodie (Sir B.), a Biographical Sketch of. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Brewer (Dr. E. C.), Smaller History of Rome. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Christie. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Concordance to the Psalter. 8vo., 2s.
 Daily Service Hymnal. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Divine Master (The). 6th edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Domesday Book: Northamptonshire. 4to., £1. 4s.
 Dr. Jacob. By the Author of "John and I." 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 English Catalogue of Books—1863. Royal 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Forster (John), Sir John Eliot: a Biography. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 10s.
 Froude (J. A.), History of England. Vols. VII. and VIII. 3rd edit. 8vo., £1. 8s.
 Gospel Sermons. By J. N. D. Feap., 3s.
 Goulburn (Rev. E. M.), Idle Word. 2nd edit. Feap., 3s.
 Gurney (J. H.), Ecclesiastical Biographies. 12mo., 3s.
 Horner (Susan), Giuseppe Giusti and his Times. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Howson (Rev. J. S.), Hulsean Lectures. 2nd edit. 8vo., 9s.
 Jeffreys (J. G.), British Conchology. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Lawson (W.), Geography of the British Empire. 12mo., 3s.
 Lytton (Sir E. B.), The Boatman. 8vo., 1s.
 McCaul (Rev. A.), Examination of Bishop Colenso. Part II. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Mackay (Rev. A.), Elements of Modern Geography. 12mo., 3s.
 Negretti & Zambra's Treatise on Meteorological Instruments. Royal 8vo., 5s.
 Parry (Rev. E. St. John), School Sermons. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 Paul (Rev. C. W.), Reading-book for Evening Schools. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Prayers for the Sick and Dying. 4th edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Prime (S. J.), Five Years of Prayer. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Ramage (C. T.), Beautiful Thoughts from Latin Authors. Feap., 6s.
 Ross (C. H.), Strange Career of Thomas Gauder. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Row (Rev. C. A.), Nature and Treatment of Divine Inspiration. 8vo., 12s.
 Rudall (J.), Fruits from Canaan's Boughs. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Ruth Rivers. By Kenner Deene. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Scott (Sir W.), Poetical Works. Cheap edit. Vol. II. Feap., 1s.
 Shakespeare: with References. By J. B. Marsh. 8vo., 20s.
 Edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. 4 vols. 8vo., £2. 2s.
 Sir Victor's Choice. By Annie Thomas. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Taylor (Rev. Isaac), Words and Places. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Thomas (Rev. D.), The Crisis of Being. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 The Progress of Being. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Two Baronets (The). By Lady C. Bury. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Widow's Portion (The). Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Wilson (Professor), Noctes Ambrosianæ. New edit. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Williams (J.), Law of Personal Property. 5th edit. 8vo., 19s.
 Worcester's English Dictionary. Revised edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.

MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY.**
 ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.
 MEDICAL—At 7 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.
 ASIATIC—At 3 P.M. "On Ancient Chronology." By Mr. J. W. Bosanquet.
- TUESDAY.**
 ETHNOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On Ancient British Tumuli." By J. Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S., President. 2. "On Certain Native Tribes of Brazil and Bolivia." By T. J. Hutchinson, Esq.
 SYRO-EGYPTIAN—At 7.30 P.M.
 MEDICAL—At Willis's Rooms, at 6.30 P.M. Anniversary Oration. "On the Classification of Skin Diseases." By Dr. Tebbury Fox.
 MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8.30 P.M.
 CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. Continued Discussion upon Mr. Sopwith's Paper "On the Mont Cenis Tunnel." 2. "On the Resistance of Bodies passing through Water." By Mr. G. H. Phipps.
 ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. 1. "On the Anatomy of the Eland." By Dr. E. Crisp. 2. "On the Mammals and Birds collected by Captain Speke during the E. African Expedition." By Dr. Scholer. 3. "On the Shells collected by Captain Speke." By Dr. H. Dobree.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Morphological Phenomena of Animal Life." By Professor Marshall.
- WEDNESDAY.**
 SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On Fish-Hatching." By Mr. F. Buckland.
 GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the Discovery of the Scales of Pteraspis, with some Remarks on the Cephalic Shield of that Fish." By Mr. E. Ray Lankester. 2. "On some Remains of Bothriolepis from the Upper Devonian Sandstones of Elgin." By Mr. G. E. Roberts. 3. "On Missing Sedimentary Formations from Suspension or Removal of Deposits." By Dr. J. I. Bigsby.
 GRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.
 LITERARY FUND—At 2 P.M. Anniversary.
 ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8.30 P.M.
- THURSDAY.**
 ROYAL—At 8.30 P.M.
 ANTIQUARIES—At 8 P.M. "On the Institution of Justices of Trailbaston." By Mr. F. M. Nichols.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Morphological Phenomena of Animal Life." By Professor Marshall.
- FRIDAY.**
 ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Use of Books." By the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, M.A.
 ASTRONOMICAL—At 8 P.M.
- SATURDAY.**
 BOTANIC—At 3.45 P.M.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Metallic Elements." By Professor Frankland, F.R.S.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

LAST TWELVE NIGHTS of Miss Louisa Pyne's and Mr. W. Harrison's Management.
 Final Close on SATURDAY, March 19th. On MONDAY (March 7th), WEDNESDAY (9th), and FRIDAY (11th),
 SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.
 TUESDAY (8th), THURSDAY (10th),
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 (The only representations.) To conclude with
 FANCHETTE.
 Commence at Seven.

On SATURDAY, March 12th, FAREWELL BENEFIT of Mr. W. HARRISON, on his retirement from the Management of the Royal English Opera, at Covent Garden, when will be presented

THE ROSE OF CASTILLE.

After which, Solo Piano, Grand Galopade Concerto, composed and executed by W. C. Levey (his first appearance in London). To conclude with (for this night only)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

On this occasion Amphitheatre Stalls will be reserved, and may be secured at the box-office, which is open from 10 till 5 daily.

On MONDAY, March 14th, FAREWELL BENEFIT of Miss LOUISA PYNE, on her retirement from the Management of the Royal English Opera, at Covent Garden, when will be presented Auber's Opera,

THE CROWN DIAMONDS,

And the Second Act of

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

On this occasion Amphitheatre Stalls will be reserved, and may be booked to secure places.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENTS-PARK.

EXHIBITIONS OF SPRING FLOWERS—Saturdays, March 19th, April 9th and 30th.

GENERAL EXHIBITIONS—Saturdays, May 21st, June 11th, and July 2nd.

AMERICAN PLANTS—Mondays, June 6th and 20th.

Tickets are now being issued at the Gardens on the Orders of Fellows of the Society: Price, General Exhibitions, 4s.; Spring Flowers, 2s. 6d.

The next Meeting of Fellows for the Election of new Candidates, Saturday, March 12th.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—MULREADY EXHIBITION.

An Exhibition of the Works of the late WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A., will open at the South Kensington Museum on Saturday, 12th March, 1864.

Admissions, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. free; on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, Students' days, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. Sixpence.

By order of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—The

First Annual Revision of the new Lists took place on February 11th.—SEVENTY-FIVE ASSOCIATES having been declared admissible to the Class of Subscribers, those first on the list have been invited by Circular to take up the right of Subscription, on or before May 11. JOHN NORTON, Hon. Sec.

24, Old Bond-street, London.

DRAWINGS FROM ANCIENT ITALIAN FRESCOES.—

Water-colour copies of Six grand Subjects from the Life of St. Augustine, by BENOZZO GOZZOLI, and of Two Masterpieces of RAFFAELLE, in the Stanza of the Vatican, have lately been added to the Collection of the Arundel Society. The Exhibition is open to the Public gratuitously, from 10 till 5.

Lists of Publications on Sale, Copies of the Rules, and any needful information, may be obtained from the Assistant Secretary. JOHN NORTON, Hon. Sec.

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JUNIOR ATHENÆUM CLUB.—Noblemen, gentlemen,

members of the universities, associates of the learned societies, and others desirous of becoming members of a first-class club, on the basis of the existing Athenæum, are requested to communicate with G. R. Wright, Esq., F.S.A., Secretary pro tem., Committee room, St. James's-hall, Regent-street.